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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The military situation in South Africa remains much what it was a week ago. The event of the last few days has been the publication of the Spion Kop despatches. Seldom has a more profound and painful sensation been produced in this country. The silence with which their appearance in the newspapers of Wednesday has been followed is more eloquent than any words. Sir Charles Warren blames Colonel Thorneycroft for "the unauthorised evacuation of Spion Kop;" Sir Redvers Buller defends Colonel Thorneycroft's "wise discretion," but blames Sir Charles Warren's "want of organisation and system;" in measured but terrible words Lord Roberts blames all three, Colonel Thorneycroft for his "unwarrantable and needless assumption of responsibility;" Sir Charles Warren for his "errors of judgment and want of administrative capacity;" and Sir Redvers Buller for his "disinclination to assert his authority and see that what he thought best was done." More bitter even than the defeat is this proclamation to the world that it was due to the incompetence of our highest and most experienced officers. For, after all, if Sir Redvers Buller and Sir Charles Warren are tried and found wanting, where are we to look for their successors?

It is a very difficult question, on which opinion is much divided, whether the War Office authorities did right in publishing these despatches. The balance of opinion, so far as we can judge, so strongly condemns the publication that it does not hesitate to ascribe it, erroneously we believe, to that professional jealousy and ill-will, which are unhappily too notoriously prevalent at the Horse Guards. There is much talk about washing dirty linen in public, and it is argued with some force that such a humiliating exposure of muddling and wrangling ought to have been reserved until the close of the war, when a great many other things besides the handling of the forces in the field will have to be inquired into, including the conduct of those by whom these despatches have been given to the public. On the other hand, these despatches have been in the hands of the authorities for nearly seven weeks (Lord Roberts' covering report is dated 13 February) and they must therefore have weighed

well the effect of their publication both upon public opinion and upon the discipline of the army. The War Office authorities may well have come to the conclusion that the leadership of the army is a matter of vital national concern, and that the nation is entitled to be informed without delay of the shortcomings of its generals.

On the whole we incline to the view that the despatches ought to have been withheld for the present. Their effect upon the army cannot fail to be deplorable, and it would in our opinion have been more consistent with the best traditions of the War Office to recall the generals first, and publish the despatches at the close of the war. We presume that the publication is a prelude to the recall of Sir Redvers Buller and Sir Charles Warren, because Sir William Gatacre's recall was preceded by Lord Roberts' censure of the Stormberg disaster, and because we do not very well see how either of the generals can remain after such a reprimand. It looks therefore to us as if a weak Executive was trying to strengthen its hands by appealing to the man in the street on a question as to which he ought not to be consulted. The public are entitled to know the facts of the war, when we win and when we are beaten. But the appointment or recall of generals is a matter for the War Office and not the public. This sad and knotty question has of course nothing to do with the judgment of Lord Roberts upon the officers concerned, which we feel sure the nation will sorrowfully accept as final, because deserved. After reading the despatches we reluctantly admitted that the censure of Lord Roberts was justified by the events.

Lord Roberts' despatches and enclosures throw no light on what appears to be the most interesting question raised by Sir Charles Warren's variation on Sir Redvers Buller's original plan. This is whether it would have been necessary to occupy Spion Kop at all had that plan been adhered to. As Lord Roberts had no information on this matter when he wrote it is impossible to say whether or not it was the inevitable destiny of that ill-omened hill not only to be the scene of many brave men's death, but the sepulchre of more than one British officer's reputation. If it need not have been occupied at all had Sir Redvers Buller's plan of advance been followed, then what Lord Roberts describes as his weakness in not asserting his authority, detracts immensely from the general commendation given to the scheme for relieving Ladysmith which failed owing to the abandonment of Spion Kop.

The last exploit of Colonel Schiel is worthy to rank with some episodes from the novels of Captain Marryat. It is to say the least a remarkable coincidence that a Dutch cruiser should be in the "offing" at the moment when the Boer prisoners arrived at St. Helena. "The offing" is a phrase which conveys somewhat vague ideas as to distance, to the non-nautical mind, but evidently it is a locality sufficiently within touch of the shore to allow a boat to ply between them without attracting any inconvenient attention. The delivery of the gallant Colonel's note on board the wrong cruiser was clearly one of those errors on which the novelist might build exciting situations. In the present case it led to nothing worse than the facile prevention of the Colonel's escape. He may be thankful that the commanding officer did not create the opportunity of having him shot while on the run. Another time he may be less fortunate, or a hint may be conveyed to the Dutch Government as to complications likely to arise from the unaccustomed presence of their cruisers in the "offing" of St. Helena.

Primrose Day was never celebrated in circumstances more strikingly reminiscent of the Beaconsfieldian ideal than on Thursday last. Sir Henry Fowler's speech at Wolverhampton was in its way hardly less of a tribute to that ideal than Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's at Bristol. If the Colonies are standing shoulder to shoulder with the Mother Country in a struggle which must affect the future of the British race and may, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, affect the future of the world, it is because in fighting for Empire we are fighting for liberty also. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach regards Imperial Federation as "a delightful dream." It was not without a certain dramatic fitness that the Australian Premiers should meet in Melbourne on Primrose Day to discuss a question of vital Imperial importance. The right of appeal to the Privy Council is the keystone of the Imperial arch, said Sir John Forrest a few days ago, and the adoption of the Australian Commonwealth Bill as it stands would be little short of suicidal. Australian opinion clearly does not favour any course which would threaten Imperial unity, and should the Premiers decide that they cannot move in the matter, the responsibility of finding a way out of the difficulty will rest with Mr. Chamberlain. If the point is settled without serious hitch, the South Australian Premier's suggestion that Australian Federation should be made a birthday present to Her Majesty may yet be realised.

"The Times" still permits Professor Courthope to lecture in large type an inattentive world. His latest exploit is to demonstrate that Messrs. Channing, Spence Watson, and Bryce are not at one with Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Herbert Gladstone with regard to a possible settlement at the conclusion of the war. This is indeed a slaying of the slain for we have all long enough been conscious of the fact. We may agree with him also that there is at present no Liberal party and no Opposition in any practical sense of the word. Mr. Channing's attempt to make out that Liberals should combine to attack the Government on home affairs while they differ fundamentally from one another on foreign, we have already exposed when discussing the Nottingham Conference. Where we differ from the Professor is that we do not believe such a condition of affairs is good for the country. The present Government is not divinely inspired nor is to oppose it a deadly sin. The Whigs at the beginning of the century did not count as an opposition for years, but Party government did not therefore come to an end.

The Paris Exhibition if it is not a world-event of quite so great importance as the French President and M. Millerand the Minister of Commerce proclaimed it to be is at least very significant and interesting. Every church and every charity must have its bazaars, and so every nation must have its international exhibition. The time may come when exhibitions like bazaars, will decline in popularity, but until then France or Paris will be facile princeps in the competition and will be proud of being, as she fondly believes, the instructress of the nations in this as in all other of the arts of civilisation. For this reason alone it would have been a

cruel blow to her if the Exhibition had not become an accomplished fact. But the opening of the Paris Exhibition, incomplete and unsatisfactory in many respects though it is, is the sign of a political triumph over much hostility to the Republic itself, and this imparts to it a significance which a similar event would not have in any other country. To this fact may be ascribed much of the fervour of the speeches of MM. Loubet and Millerand. The failure of the Exhibition would have meant the success of a party that provoked war; and the triumph of the Exhibition is therefore the triumph of peace.

As literary productions we cannot say that we admire the opening speeches of MM. Loubet and Millerand. We wonder what becomes of the famous grace and lucidity of French prose in the speeches of French politicians. One would think that the eloquence of the President and the Minister had been turned out from some kind of rhetorical lathe in the Exhibition, the secret of which, like that of the famous quick-firing guns, is unknown to any but the French experts. The mechanical likeness of the two speeches almost raises the suspicion that some professor of rhetoric had been feed to write both. They have a certain cleverness which no Englishman could rival it is true; but if any Englishman could, we are sure he would decline to exhibit it. Nothing could be more tawdry than M. Millerand's apostrophe to industry. "Industry, liberating and sacred. Industry: it is thou who consolest," &c. And we should only need one or two more such speeches to make us hate the very sound and sight of the word "solidarity," which seems now to be the substitute for "liberty, equality and fraternity" which have long been worn threadbare.

The letter of M. Deschanel, the President of the Chamber, to Dr. Wilhelm Singer the editor of the "Neues Wiener Tagblatt" puts the case for the Exhibition in a much less extravagant form than the speeches. Its ideas have the merit of being intelligible and they win sympathetic acquiescence. He points out how little different peoples know each other, how little mutual comprehension there is between them, and how they like each other so little because they are not better acquainted. He hopes the Exhibition may diminish to some extent the density of these barriers; that France may profit by the good examples afforded to her by others and be penetrated by the realities which they present to her; and that others may learn to understand France better, "France which is something very different from her press and literature, and even from her metropolis." All this is admirable, and doubtless France would be a much better instructress of other nations if she would only condescend to learn a little from them and of them. If this could be effected by exhibitions we ought to start another ourselves to give French people a fresh opportunity of improving their acquaintance with us in our own country. But the difficulty is that they would probably not think much of any exhibition not held in Paris.

The Tsar's "pledge of the friendship," which he professes for France on behalf of his "Government and people," savours of that subtle cynicism for which his diplomacy has long been famous. When, at a critical juncture, the Sultan received from his terrible neighbour an album filled with excellent illustrations of the Black Sea fleet, he needed his strong sense of humour to enable him to share the merriment of Europe. Whether Gallic salt remains abundant enough to season a joke at the expense of the French themselves remains to be seen. The gift of "a map of France in marble mosaic and jewels" will probably be suffered to pass unnoticed there save in its outward and visible acceptance. It remains therefore for us to point out how singularly appropriate is this presentment of France from a Russian aspect. For years now, ever since their friendship was proclaimed and at last consummated as an alliance, Russia has regarded France as a land studded with riches, which lay ever ready to supply a Tsar's financial emergencies. No map was needed to direct him to the most promising pockets, so he has passed it on to the custody of a people, which, unlike the ordinary matri-

monial partner, never seems to tire of ministering to its consort's extravagance.

His Majesty's visit to Moscow, though not warranting the stream of idle conjecture as to new policies which heralded and even accompanied it, has afforded the Muscovites a pageant, and the world a picture of the Tsar in his right rôle. He is the absolute monarch of a mediæval empire, and provides a useful object lesson to constitutional countries by the outbursts of enthusiasm which his progresses inspire. When he repairs to his Kremlin in the old capital, the old-world spirit of Russia is set forth in a manner which would call for universal enthusiasm, were it not for the gloomy contrast to be observed among his other subjects in Finland. While Moscow rejoices, Helsingfors is plunged in lamentation. The Finnish exodus has already set in and, so soon as the thaws of spring permit, the process of depopulation will proceed in right earnest. It is no mere constitutional grievance but the right of a nation to the peaceful enjoyment of ancient rights which is at stake; Finland has always remained loyal and all right-thinking men must deplore that her loyalty should receive so sorry a reward. At the same time it behoves her friends to warn her lest antagonism with autocracy should induce her to dally with democracy, ever a broken reed to lean upon. At the worst she may find comfort in saying, with Hildebrand, upon her deathbed "I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity; therefore I die in exile."

The multiplication of newspaper correspondents has brought us into very close touch with nearly every corner of the civilised globe. But the region of the Balkans, despite propinquity and absorbing interest, remains remote and almost unknown, for we continue to survey them through the spectacles of Hebrew scribes at Vienna or Budapest. Thus we have been coaxed into believing that Russian influence is now paramount in Bulgaria; we have even lent an ear to ridiculous rumours whereby Bourgas should be ceded, for connivance at a Macedonian raid or a Bulgarian kingdom. All this is to fail ignominiously in appreciating that keystone of the whole situation, the character of Prince Ferdinand, who is one of the shrewdest statesmen in Europe. He now relies on Russia, of course, for no other country has helped him to work out his marvellous destiny; some day, without going into exile, he will afford us a pretext for joining in the toast of Candide: "Le roi des Bulgares, c'est le plus charmant des princes;" and, obviously, he aspires to go over into Macedonia eventually and then revive the Empire of Byzantium. But the voice of Karavelov or Zankov or any other ultramontane Russophil is not the voice of Ferdinand, whose whole career is an outcry of *jamais reculer, même pour mieux sauter*. None knows better than he that the man who once draws back may never live to jump again.

The sturdy attitude which is being adopted by Morocco in view of French aggression, goes far to support our contention that she has little to fear from the recklessness of her neighbour. The occupation of Igli and the menace of Figig are in themselves little more than ominous shadows, characteristic of the irritating frontier policy so persistently pursued on the borders of Algeria. That policy might be summed up in the homely phrase, "trying it on," but it is now evident that the Moorish Government have come to appreciate the situation as they never did hitherto. The prospective danger to the date-trade of Taflet has awakened the whole Moorish nation, and a formal protest has been made to the French Minister at Tangiers. For a people which does not carry pockets there is nothing like an appeal to the stomach, and Moors, who might be content to view with indifference a subtle diplomacy aiming at the eventual absorption of all North-West African trade, may be trusted to show fight when one of their staple foods is directly menaced. The French have therefore been injudicious, and the British representative will not be slow to convince the Sultan that his best interests are wrapped up in those of the one Power which covets nothing and is strong enough to inspire no fear.

Lord Curzon had something of interest to say in his Quetta address to the notables of Beluchistan concerning the growing trade with Persia via Nushki and Seistan. The ceaseless activity of Russia on the North, and the natural and artificial obstacles to trade with the interior of Persia by the Gulf, have made it important to encourage traffic by the East starting from a railway basis in India. Already the trade returns between Quetta and Meshed show encouraging development, and caravans carrying Persian manufactures are passing by the new route, which turns the flank of both Afghanistan and Russia. The activity of the British agents in Seistan and Khorasan is some small compensation for the failure of British influence at Teheran. The credit for it must be sought in India rather than in England.

We feel sincerely sorry for the Mayor of Chicago. Nothing probably could have been further from his intention than to have invited the Spanish Ambassador to a Dewey celebration. That such a grievous, though unintentional, breach of etiquette was committed, was due to the carelessness of an official, but it gave the Duke of Arcos the opportunity of writing a reply which is faultless both in tone and temper. That the incident was in no sense international is shown by the fact that the United States Ambassador called in his individual capacity to express to Señor Silvela his regret for the incident. As to the whole question, it may legitimately be doubted whether a reiteration of such "celebrations" may not lead to a continuance of international ill-feeling, not compensated for by their influence on patriotic sentiment at home.

The Austrian Government's initiative in the matter of the great coal strike shows the value of State interposition in industrial matters. The strike collapsed because the Government promptly co-operated with the committee of the Reichsrath in dealing seriously with the conditions which had brought about the strike. From this point of view the strike was not unsuccessful. New legislation will be proposed after the Easter recess; and it will include the shortening of labour hours to nine per day. One of the objects of the strike was the fixing of a minimum wage; but that is not proposed by the Bill. The important effect the strike has had on coal prices may be gathered from the estimate of 54,000,000 tons as the deficit of loss in output. In wages the loss was some £400,000, and the mineowners lost an equal amount in profits. Other industrial classes suffered greatly as many factories were either obliged to cease operations or could only partly continue work by paying enormous prices for imported coal.

The Inspector-General of Recruiting has issued a report which is in many ways instructive. It shows how greatly the chance of seeing active service stimulates our military instincts. In 1898 the number of recruits for the regular army was 38,418, but in 1899 it rose to 42,707. Recruiting during the first nine months of the year was slack. It was therefore due solely to the war that the numbers for the final quarter had the effect of making 1899 the best recruiting year we have had since the short-service system came into being. Looked at from a broader point of view however, the results are not satisfactory. What are we to do when the piping times of peace once more return? The inspector of recruiting is no longer to be the inspector of auxiliary forces as well. This is a necessary change. The dual office is too much for one man. The result has been that recruiting—out of which most kudos could be gained—has been attended to, and the auxiliary forces left to take care of themselves. Care should be taken to appoint an auxiliary force inspector who possesses both tact and manners—qualities essential in dealing with Militia and Volunteers.

The conference of the National Union of Teachers at York met in more than usually favourable circumstances owing to the interest aroused by the proposed new Education Code reforms. There was little doubt that the teachers' verdict would be what it actually was; enthusiastic in approbation of the detachment of instruction from the monetary considerations which were

almost inseparable from the old system of cumulative grants. It might perhaps be objected to the inaugural address of the president, Mr. Marshall Jackman, that it was solely devoted to the question of the security of tenure for teachers; and hence that the address assumed an almost trade-union air. But this would be exceedingly superficial criticism. Mr. Jackman showed conclusively how much the real interests of education depend on putting the English teacher, in the matter of appeal from capricious dismissal, on an equal footing with his confrère in almost all European countries and our own colonies. The valuable papers and speeches on the subject of village education, and those on the Education Code, showed that the teachers are far from being influenced merely by the narrow professional or trade-union spirit.

It has long been a source of wonder to the uninitiated in the mysteries of library management, that the British Museum authorities should be able to cope successfully with the torrent of printed matter which finds its way to Bloomsbury incessantly. Congestion has come at last, and the application which is to be made to Parliament for power to dispose of unessential publications will secure a large measure of sympathy. It is idle to pretend that any useful end can be served by storing up indefinitely masses of the most ephemeral periodicals. If such papers are likely to be of historical or sociological value, as affording an idea of the sort of thing that appealed to minds educated by the Board Schools, an annual specimen would surely be ample. Again the vast majority of the novels issued are only so much lumber on the Museum library shelves, and no wrong would be done to anyone or any period if they were treated as the refuse they are. The Museum might by disposal of the obviously unfit, realise a quite respectable sum annually from the sale of waste paper.

Are we all to be deprived of the telephone because the National Telephone Company Limited cannot come to terms with either individual landlords or the London County Council? That is the question suggested by Mr. William Heinemann's protest in the "Times" at the threat to cut him off in consequence of certain wayleave difficulties. It is of course monstrous that anyone controlling an important business which may be seriously inconvenienced by inability to communicate in the promptest way with others, should find himself thus held up. Mr. Heinemann's case emphasises the absurdity of leaving public interests in the hands of a private concern. If the disabilities under which London labourers in the matter of telephones were not so serious, we should almost be tempted to congratulate Mr. Heinemann on his threatened exemption from the annoyances to which the customers of the company are subjected by a service which at best is intermittent.

The sole subject of interest in the City during the week has been the publication of the Spion Kop despatches. "Jobbing backward" is proverbially unremunerative but speculators may on this occasion be excused for sorrowfully remembering that they ventured "not wisely but too well" to believe in the success of Sir Redvers Buller's second attempt to relieve Ladysmith. On the Stock Exchange markets have been quiet and compared with the last quotation prior to the holidays, prices are in most instances lower. To dearness of money must be attributed the cause, as other considerations point to healthy and active business. Home Railway holiday traffics have been almost uniformly good and the strike in America is unlikely to influence the continued prosperity of her railways—and the consequent activity in "Yankees." Baltimore and Ohio shares are again a feature the preference and common shares both being quoted at 91½. A slight decline in the price of copper has caused a fall in Rio Tintos to 58½ and in Anacondas to 10½. In the miscellaneous market Allsopps' Securities have fluctuated considerably, the preferred ordinary falling from 108 to 91 and recovering again to 99. The settlement in the National War Loan was concluded on Thursday and the carry-over rate varied from 4½ to 5½ per cent. In these circumstances it is not surprising that the premium declined to 1½ and that Consols are no better than 101.

THE WAR: THE SPION KOP DESPATCHES.

AS if to compensate for the dearth of news, the War Office has given us the Spion Kop despatches, which have exploded two more military reputations. It is awful to think what would have happened to our army if the well-conceived but ill-executed movement under Sir Charles Warren had been made against a European enemy. We do not understand why the War Office authorities have published these despatches after an interval of seven weeks. Lord Roberts in his covering report says in so many words that Sir Redvers Buller and Sir Charles Warren are unequal to the task that has been assigned to them. Generals Buller and Warren have, in the judgment of Lord Roberts, wasted the lives of our soldiers because the one was a muddle-head, and the other was not strong enough to get his orders carried out. Such generals ought not to be left in command of British troops an hour beyond the time necessary for the arrival of their successors. What the War Office magnates have done is to keep these damning despatches for seven weeks, to publish them, and to leave the discredited generals at their posts! How is discipline to be maintained by such procedure, for it is needless to say these despatches will provoke a furious controversy between the partisans of the officers concerned? And what will be the effect on the troops of seeing their generals pulled to pieces and pulling one another to pieces? On the facts as stated in the despatches of Sir Redvers Buller and Sir Charles Warren it is impossible not to concur in the judicial censure passed by Lord Roberts. Sir Redvers Buller's job was to relieve Ladysmith. He had therefore no business to delegate that task and the command of a whole army corps minus a brigade to Sir Charles Warren. Who ever heard of a general in supreme command arguing, criticising, and advising his Chief of the Staff, looking on as an intelligent spectator whilst a vitally important movement is in execution? Then Sir Charles Warren was no sooner deputed to do what Sir Redvers Buller ought to have done himself than the delegate proceeded to delegate his authority to somebody else. First, General Woodgate, and then, when he was wounded, General Talbot Coke was sent by Sir Charles Warren to take command of Spion Kop, and then called down at a very critical moment to tell Sir Charles Warren how things were going on! Lord Roberts says bluntly that Sir Charles Warren ought to have gone himself to see, and most people will agree. There can be no doubt that Spion Kop ought to have been held, and would have been, if Colonel Thorneycroft had had any idea that reinforcements were coming up. But he was not told, and the retiring force going down the hill actually met the supporting force coming up! It was a terrible muddle, and it is really time some one was brought to book.

Though so much information has reached us of what has happened in the past, the details as to what is taking place at present have been scanty in the extreme. Sir Redvers Buller remains inactive, and rumours are again rife that the Boers are retreating. Inactivity in this quarter is no doubt just now the best policy. The difficulties in the Biggarsberg and Drakensberg—which the Boers have strongly entrenched—are considerable; and when Lord Roberts once more advances, the Boers occupying those passes are bound to retire into their own territories. Some troops have left Natal for Cape Colony. Of this we have evidence in Lord Roberts' telegram of 17 April, which describes General Hart's Brigade as advancing on Wepener. It has been reported that the Boers have abandoned the siege of that place. But the rumour appears to be unfounded. Colonel Dalgety however is holding his own with ease. The enemy are attacking him in a half-hearted manner, and are anxious about the safety of their lines of communication. At least two British columns are moving on Wepener from different directions. The 8th Division under Sir Leslie Rundle is advancing via Reddersburg, and General Brabant via Rouxville supported by the brigade from Natal. On the 15th Rouxville was reoccupied, and some important arrests were made on that occasion. Heavy rains have fallen recently in this

part of the country, and the march of our columns has been delayed in consequence. But Rouxville is only 60 miles from Wepener. Hence it is not oversanguine to hope that the situation will be relieved soon, and that the Boer force operating there will stand a good chance of being cut off completely. Provisions and horses continue to pour into Bloemfontein where they are much needed. It would be most unwise on our part to move forward until the entire south of the Free State has been completely tranquillised. In the west the rebellion is still a factor to be reckoned with. Mafeking is confident that it can hold out for some time to come. At Beira transports are beginning to arrive, and the railway arrangements are adequate to meet the occasion. Amongst others the Australian bushmen have arrived, and are likely to prove a very valuable addition. Under such a leader as Sir F. Carrington the expedition should prove a complete success.

A rearrangement has taken place in the South African commands; other and greater changes are possibly in contemplation. Our forces have now been divided into eleven divisions not to speak of cavalry and mounted infantry. We cannot commend too highly the wisdom of not sending troops to South Africa without a six months' store of provisions. The capture of Bloemfontein has not been altogether to our advantage. The late Free State capital relies on British sources for supplies, and unlike Pretoria has difficulty in providing for itself. The enemy in retiring from Bloemfontein have not therefore suffered the inconvenience which threatens them when Pretoria falls.

IRELAND IN 1900.

PERHAPS the most striking feature of the Queen's visit to Dublin has been the proof that there exists in Ireland a healthy public opinion, independent of professional agitators. Englishmen had come to believe that the Nationalist members of Parliament were the plenipotentiaries of the Irish people: it should now be clear that they are merely delegates sent to Westminster for a certain purpose, and that the men who send them are capable of thinking for themselves when new circumstances arise. The Nationalist members who urged that the Queen should be received with cold courtesy were disregarded, the Irreconcilables were for the moment swept out of existence, and the attempts of certain Dublin papers to minimise the greatness of her welcome have merely excited amusement. All honour is due to Nationalists like the Lord Mayor of Dublin, who had the courage to disregard the hints of professional politicians and to act as representative Irishmen. Their task was made more difficult by certain London papers which, with curious infelicity, proclaimed that a loyal greeting to the Sovereign of Ireland would be taken to mean a political volte-face. Of course the question of Home Rule stands where it did, for if it has been made clear that many staunch Nationalists are men of courteous demeanour, it is also clear that the official leaders of the party, the men who would control a Dublin Parliament, are bitterly disappointed at the cordiality shown in Ireland to the Sovereign to whom they have sworn allegiance.

The contrast between the behaviour of the Irish people at this moment and the general tone of Nationalist members must puzzle Englishmen. We believe the explanation to be that most Irishmen have learned that extremists are useful to wring concessions where moderate men would fail. During the first thirty years of the reign a succession of Moderates attempted to win reforms in the Land Laws. They failed, but a band of inferior men, dominated by one strong personality, set Ireland in a blaze and brought about an agrarian revolution. If Englishmen really wish to conciliate Ireland, they should be ready to listen to arguments that are not backed by outrages. And yet the Imperial Parliament has not taken up a very statesmanlike position on the question of the Roman Catholic University and the financial relations of the two countries, subjects on which Irish Nationalists have won considerable support from Irish Unionists and

have therefore to some extent curbed their natural exuberance.

The new system of Local Government will in time give valuable indications of the Irish character. As yet the people have not settled down to the quiet management of parochial affairs. But lessons like that afforded by Mayo, where Mr. William O'Brien's followers captured the County Council, put into effect the spoils system and brought local affairs into a hopeless tangle, are being taken to heart. Efficiency is gradually seen to be more valuable than eloquence. The conviction is growing that industrial and social questions are worth attention: hitherto, party politics in the narrowest sense have been the sole intellectual interest of four-fifths of the Irish people. Mr. Dillon has done what he could to prevent practical improvements and Mr. O'Brien, with his United Irish League, is trying to keep up the old feuds. Yet the Congested Districts Board has been working quietly, and men of all parties have joined in the most noteworthy attempt ever made in Ireland to improve the conditions of agriculture. The co-operative system has spread among farmers with extraordinary speed and the Raffeisen banks (whose existence is hardly known in England) are doing more for some of the poorest districts in the West than could ever be accomplished by windy campaigns against graziers. Ideas are beginning to take the place of catchwords. There is a stir in the educational world, where the old cut and dried "results system" appears to be doomed, and the narrow cram-book curriculum of the Intermediate Examinations no longer satisfies the aspirations of the people.

Of course prosperity is a plant of slow growth. The most enterprising young people are still emigrating to America, and, though the standard of living has improved almost beyond recognition, the Irish village is not yet what it might be. Far too many of the younger priests are mere politicians and take no care for the prosperity of their flocks. They prefer seditious speech-making, which is easy and pleasant, to tedious efforts to help the people in improving their surroundings. Thereby the Roman Church is losing a great opportunity. Mr. Horace Plunkett has done more than any Roman Catholic prelate to set Irishmen in the way of helping themselves—and many Irish Roman Catholics know it. Too many of the priests still act on the principle that it is to the interest of their Church to keep the pot of sedition simmering in Ireland, but never to let it boil over. Many of them resent the clause in the Local Government Act which excluded them from the County Councils, and are not disposed to help in making those councils a success. But the growth of better feeling during the last ten years has been marked, though at times some curious underground influence seems to be at work keeping alive the old bitterness. The land question remains. The policy of the Land Commission puts a premium on dishonesty and thriftlessness. Under the old régime an industrious tenant was liable to have his rent raised by the landlord, at present an idle tenant who lets his land go to waste is certain to have his rent reduced by the Commission. Enormous sums are paid for the possession of farms, but they go now to the outgoing tenant for the transfer of his tenant-right. Our legislative tinkering has really increased the volume of unearned increment, but has transferred it from the so-called owner of the land to the tenant, who may be a mere speculator. Parliament has violated its own definite engagements, and the tenants who profit by dishonest legislation despise the legislators. In England the delusion persists that the respect of one set of Irishmen can be won by dishonesty towards another. Life is not made up of Royal visits, and it is worth while to look into the normal everyday conditions of Irish affairs. Let us not imagine that we can pay our debt to Ireland by buying shamrocks for our button-holes.

THE PERIL OF THE PLAGUE.

THE true import of events in India is apt to escape observers who dwell in a Western atmosphere. Even those who pass their lives in that puzzling country

often fail to read the signs of the times. A few years ago we were supposed by some authorities to be on the verge of another mutiny because mud marks appeared mysteriously on the trunks of mango trees. Now the real significance of the plague riots at Cawnpur and the grave complications they may possibly involve appear to be imperfectly realised by some who would guide public opinion at home. Yet the event was not unexpected nor its gravity unforeseen. Ever since the plague began to spread upwards from Bombay, the consequences of its appearance in the large and turbulent cities of Upper India have been anxiously anticipated by the officials who would have to deal with the situation. Even in the comparatively docile population of the Peninsula the enforcement of preventive measures was marked by serious popular disturbances culminating in the assassination of European officials. Among the more warlike races of the North there was reason to apprehend more formidable demonstrations. In this respect the danger lies not in the ravages of the disease but in the animosity excited by the measures adopted to repress it. With the resignation of fatalism a population accustomed to recurrent visitations of famine and pestilence would be prepared to accept this new affliction of nature with patient submission to the divine will. But they are not prepared to tolerate the discomforts and interference of a human agency however benevolently designed. Unfortunately the only measures which can check the progress of the disease require the compulsory isolation of cases when they first occur, the removal of infected households to segregation camps, and even the forcible evacuation of entire quarters of the city where the plague has taken root. Such measures involve an interference with domestic life, a disturbance of privacy, a violation of the purda and a separation of families—expedients absolutely intolerable to the native mind. To these social and domestic considerations are added rightly or wrongly the influence of religious scruples and the tyrannical rules of caste which dominate Hindu life. Death and burial without the appointed rites and ceremonies, possess unknown terrors to these people who can face death itself with uncomplaining fortitude. With perverse ingenuity they imagine strange explanations of measures and motives they do not understand, and blindly accept the most grotesque fables. Victims are required to appease the strange gods of the rulers—for some malign reason patients are removed to plague hospitals to effect their destruction more easily by methods known to English doctors. Opposition cannot be removed by argument because it is not based on reason but born of ignorance and panic. It will yield, if at all, only to overpowering physical force. Beneath it all moreover is an instinct common to all humanity. To submit to removal from home and friends and to meet death in a strange place, tended by strange hands, is a sacrifice which the most civilised men and women unwillingly make for the public good. The reluctance of ignorant natives to make it demands tender and considerate treatment.

This attitude of an excitable population places their foreign rulers in an extraordinarily difficult position. On the one hand they feel constrained for the welfare of the country and their own credit's sake to adopt those rules and measures which modern science dictates in order to check an exterminating disease. On the other hand they are well aware that the enforcement of such regulations may cause grave political danger, and excite a furious opposition which must defeat the end in view. In the case of rural villages and small towns it has been found possible by a concentration of force at the earliest stage to stamp out the infection. In many Panjab villages and even in the sacred place of pilgrimage at Hardwar the plague has been successfully stayed. It would be a matter of extreme difficulty to attempt this over a large area of country and in the case of great towns it would be virtually an impossibility. Even if the necessary facilities for complete segregation existed or could be created, the spirit of the people and their power of combination would still put it out of the question. It is not a problem of sanitation or medical treatment; it is a political danger which has to be faced. The sympathy of the native agents which have to be employed is with their

fellows in distress. There is no force which, in the face of popular resistance, could ensure the disclosure of cases as they occur or compel the evacuation of large and crowded quarters. It is only by judicious and conciliatory methods that the authorities can expect to win the afflicted people to their side, and secure the support which may enable them to repress the epidemic on its first appearance. The promulgation of rules which, however wrongly, are regarded as hateful and oppressive will fail in its purpose and may even make every city a centre of rebellion as well as of disease. Cawnpur, a highly prosperous manufacturing centre, is not in these days a seditious or disaffected town. Nor is the resistance to plague rules an outcome of sedition or disaffection: it is a panic-stricken opposition to measures which are more dreaded than the plague itself. Doubtless the grievance is fanned by unscrupulous agitators who represent disloyal organisations, and is aggravated by the corrupt practices of underlings and impostors. But such agencies are powerless to excite a popular commotion unless they can get in touch with some genuine movement which affects the life or religion of the people.

What has happened at Cawnpur is but a mild warning of what may happen if similar conditions arise at Lucknow, Delhi or Benares. Those acquainted with the temper and habits of the people of Upper India have known all along that any attempt to enforce segregation by the compulsory removal of households in these large cities to special hospitals and camps would end in bloodshed. Taught by the experience of Bombay and Poona the Calcutta authorities decided to abandon such compulsion, and substitute methods of advice, encouragement and assistance. The plague has indeed laid hold on that city and province, but the people on the whole have accepted the visitation quietly. In the northern provinces the policy has been less decided and less conciliatory. The earliest rules were rigorous, and the mere anticipation of their enforcement excited strong popular feeling. Concessions were made and were again modified or withdrawn. The advent of the plague in Cawnpur has apparently found the objectionable provision still in force. Now when the foreseen has happened—when police are murdered, rioters are shot, and a state of siege is established in the commercial capital of the Provinces, the hated measure is again withdrawn. For such a course of action little apology can be made. There is something to be said for a policy which would enforce the only effective method of protection, regardless of consequences. There is much to be said for a policy which recognises insuperable difficulties and accepts the lesser of two evils. But there is nothing to be said for a policy which attempts the impossible and has to yield to armed violence in a country where such concession is sure to be construed as a dangerous admission of weakness.

LADIES AT THE FRONT.

ADMIRERS of the fascinating Mrs. Rawdon Crawley will remember that some of the most interesting episodes in a remarkable career took place at Brussels while the British army was on its way to the front. History indeed repeats itself in incongruous, if analogous, situations, and South Africa under present circumstances would appear to offer many features of resemblance to the Belgian capital in 1815. Then, as now, a brilliant train of camp-followers hung round the skirts of the army and contributed not a little to the embarrassment of the warriors when duty tore them away. "Numbers of English families—some drawn thither out of solicitude for relations in the army, others out of simple curiosity and love of excitement, thronged the hotels and lodging-houses. The town was crowded with fashionable non-combatants." This sentence, taken from Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Wellington," might have been written by any correspondent at the Cape to-day. For the novelist in search of situations, society under such conditions presents many attractive objects for study. Becky Sharp is an immortal type, and repays study under all skies, but wars after all are not waged to supply romance-writers

with copy and the Commissariat Department does not exist to feed "persons travelling merely for health or recreation." These considerations seem at length to have forced themselves upon the notice of Sir Alfred Milner, who, not too soon, has called attention to them in a despatch which certainly does not err on the side of severity. It is gratifying to notice that "Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief fully concurs in the views expressed in it." Sir Alfred Milner, however, as a bachelor, is in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility purely domestic, and may therefore act for the public good without the semblance of contravening his precepts by his own example. We cannot but regret that Lord Roberts himself has not recognised that in this respect, to use the words of Burke "his situation should have been the preceptor of his duty."

The growing crowd of adventurers and pleasure-seekers doubtless counts its Jos Sedleys in inconvenient numbers, but we are not concerned with these worthies. Their woes will not deeply affect their fellow-men in the fighting line. The spectacle of these would-be sightseers foiled in their ignoble pursuit of the sensational, and lining the hither bank of the Orange River like the souls who were deemed unworthy to cross the Styx, may excite ridicule for a day, but the matter is very different when the offenders are women. Their presence at the front constitutes a problem so thorny, and a scandal so grave, that it was high time some attempt should be made to meet and deal with it. It is not the Becky Sharps who form the real embarrassment. They may be trusted to shift for themselves. It is the arrival of the virtuous and sentimental wives whose presence is daily doubling the anxieties of overworked husbands and halving their rations. The mordant fancy of the foreign satirist could never have invented a situation so cruelly apt for caricature as that devoted lady's, who, repulsing all blandishments, still clings to her seat at Norvals Pont until the unhappy transport officer finds no way out of the difficulty but to shunt the car itself on to a siding. According to an experienced correspondent this indecent spectacle has only fired others, who are awaiting its success in order to attempt similar exploits themselves. This is the way in which many women of the British upper classes are content to play their part at a great national crisis! It is barely a year ago that the English press teemed with comments far from complimentary on the extravagant outbursts of New York society over the apotheosis of Admiral Dewey and his sailors, but the harm effected by that ridiculous spectacle was limited to its personal results. There was no interference with military operations, and the policy of the United States was in no way hampered because certain young ladies made themselves and their victims a laughing-stock. Though morally the fruit of the same sickly sentimentalism and love of notoriety, this descent of English society on the shores of South Africa is far worse. It began with the advent of a few soldiers' wives who found means of making themselves useful, and thus furnished an excuse for an excursion otherwise inexcusable. The dribbles which trickled in at first have now swelled to a stream of unmanageable volume. Many members of the crowd cannot even advance the argument of legitimate anxiety for a particular warrior; their interest would appear to be purely general. To appeal to the latter on patriotic grounds would be palpably a waste of words. To these patriotism is demonstrated by joining in the chorus of the "Absent-Minded Beggar," as they understand loyalty to mean the mobbing of a Prince at a fashionable watering-place. But there must be a certain number of well-meaning and devoted women who have set an example the results of which they now deplore. Do they imagine that they are making an arduous campaign easier by impeding the operations of those who have a hard enough task to perform in keeping the army in supplies? or will a husband fight better for knowing his wife is in touch with the enemy? We believe that many ladies of this class will withdraw directly the hysterical impulse of the moment passes away and leaves their mental eyesight for a moment unaffected.

But the whole situation is one for which we foresee

no substantial alleviation in individual and voluntary subjection to the dictates of good taste. The disease is too widespread, and this rush to the front is only a particularly repulsive exhibition of the general outburst of unhealthy sentimentalism for which the war has afforded an opportunity. This sickly exotic, matured by the Kiplingism of the music halls and cherished by idle hands, bids fair to obscure the vigorous and sturdy brother which is spreading its roots throughout the Empire. So long as it flourished in the fashionable quarters of London alone it did little harm, transplanted to the Colonies it poisons the atmosphere and must be hewed away. The effect of its presence on the Dutch can be nothing but injurious. We were ready enough to find fault with the Boers, whose habits are patriarchal, for taking their women to the front, but for the English upper class, whose habits may be described by any other adjective than that, to imitate them is inexcusable. Mrs. Cronje in her husband's laager gave evidence of a kind of squalid heroism, but Mrs. Gadsby seated on the shores of Orange River could not pose as a heroine even in transpontine melodrama. It is deplorable enough that the presence of certain "Society" ladies in beleaguered towns should have fired others with a spurious enthusiasm. The latter have not the excuses which the former may allege. There are certain situations in life, as there are certain cases in Court, from which ladies, if they intrude, should be ordered out. If, having subjected themselves to such an intimation, they fail to comply with it, the world at large will know what opinion to form of their conduct.

EXHIBITION AND MIRAGE.

A FOOLISH boast of the administration, or a fear on the part of shaky ministers that others might cut in to pronounce the inaugural discourses, has made an absurd fiasco of the opening of the Exhibition. Scaffoldings and tramways that will have to be replaced were torn down or torn up for last Saturday's ceremony, and the main avenues were hastily cleared so that MM. Loubet and Millerand might make a progress through the shells of buildings in the middle of April instead of at the beginning of May. Next day the public was admitted and at least 150,000 people jostled their way through the unmade passages between the various pavilions. The crowd itself, the fine weather, and the very vastness of the hoax to some extent saved the situation, but most of all perhaps the travelling platform. The pleasure given by this ingenious device does not bear a very close scrutiny. One is carried standing, between the backs of the Exhibition buildings and the windows of the streets bordering the grounds, at a solemn pace that distinguishes the excursion from that of an ordinary railway train. A doubt as to whether they were really being amused appeared to preoccupy and half hypnotise the travellers, and the windows of the private houses presented to hungry sightseers something in the shape of *vitrines* with objects to be looked at. Some of these objects sat in state in their best toilettes, others regarded the noisy machine gloomily. They have brought an action against its promoters, which will be judged after the close of the Exhibition. For the immediate future the chances are that the Exhibition will be closed again for a fortnight, and English people who wish to see the collections anything like complete will do well to put off their visit for another six weeks. Not only inside is there disorder, but the streets of Paris are torn up by the new Metropolitan and other works, and even in the permanent museums there is confusion. Half the picture galleries of the Louvre are being re-hung, an excellent thing in itself, but ill-timed.

The Exhibition when complete will, besides the countless minor business of a vast fair, embrace three main projects. First there is the considerable permanent change made in the laying out of the pleasure-part of Paris, then there is the Exhibition proper, industrial and artistic, and third the rather vulgar element of mirage which takes a bigger and bigger place in these successive fairs, the construction of ephemeral buildings to give the illusion of the distant and the past.

Of the permanent architectural features something was said in these columns a year ago. The two palaces of art are neither very good nor very bad, but fall midway between noble buildings of the past like the Institute, and pretentious trash like the temporary buildings in the Esplanade of the Invalides. The worst feature is a frieze in coloured ceramic bricks of bilious tint. The best feature in the avenue that stretches from the Champs Elysées to the Invalides is the four pylons crowned with gilded sculpture that flank the approaches of the bridge. These are well in scale with the immense breadth of the avenue and mass of the buildings. It is when this new scale is compared with the older one that the innovation must be regretted. The Seine contracts to a narrow ditch under the colossal span. The most displeasing of the architectural features is M. Binet's Gate of Honour. It is like an ignoble section of a boiler or a drain with decorations in the nigger taste. Till the other day it was applauded as a fantasy of Oriental art, but Paris for some obscure reason revolted when a huge figure was hoisted to the top modelled after one of Paquin the milliner's "mannequins." Orders came from the Government to take the figure down; but it turned out to be too expensive. What are we to think of the taste that allows the whole gateway to complete itself and then turns restive over a single detail? But when we remember incidents at home like the decoration of S. Paul's we have little reason to be surprised. In the buildings of the Exhibition proper the architects have been given a freer hand than they had ten years ago. Then the engineers provided a logical and utilitarian construction. Now it is complained that many of the buildings have been designed as façades, with walls and floors unequal to the strain and weight of the exhibits. The façades are certainly not worth the price of instability. In the industrial section it is said that the Germans will reap most glory with electric motors and so forth. But of this and the collections of art it is not the moment to speak. They have yet to be unpacked.

The third feature of the Exhibition is complete in its general effect and it is curious enough. From the days of the Alhambra and other courts at the Crystal Palace, through the "Old London" of one of the Kensington exhibitions, this bastard art has taken a bigger and bigger part in the World's Fairs. The Chicago Exhibition marked a great step in the employment of flimsy material for grandiose effect. The motives of this development are not all ignoble. Every day that sees the monuments of the past destroyed by modern forces, and the aspect of life impoverished, adds to the impulse to take refuge in some mirage of other times. Apart moreover from the reconstruction of the past, the designing and setting up of architecture in ephemeral materials on a vast scale might be a valuable school for young architects, giving them experience in the handling of masses, composing of sky-lines, disposition of light and colour. Its actual results, as we see them at the Paris Exhibition, appeal only to a very childish and confused taste. The "Old Paris" is like a dirty watercolour of picturesque "bits" from a mediæval town, crowded together upon one page. But apart from the execution of the example, the odd part of the game is the pleasure people feel in walking about in these structures, and the jumbled character of the illusion the appetite for them delights in. The modern stage goes far in this direction with the solid and palpable realism of many of its effects. But in the modern exhibition illusion, as it comes closest to realism, commits the last steps of suicide. The spectator walks into the scenery and assures himself that it is papier-mâché or "staff," and encumbers his whole effort of fancy by the consciousness of his own bustling body moving about in an obviously unreal world. This peculiar appetite of the crowd for a jumble of illusion and realism is to be cunningly provided for by a kind of panoramic voyage on the deck of a steamer, which will move so as to make the passengers sea-sick.

The Pavilions of the Powers are another branch of this jumbled illusion. One or two, like that of England, are sober copies of national buildings, others, like that of Finland, fantasies of "L'Art Nouveau," but the general taste is that of the Italian pavilion where all

Venice is laid under contribution to heap up detail in a single building. Picture the state of mind that takes the Doge's Palace as a basis, and is unaware how much of its charm lies in the frugality with which its chequer of red and white is broken and enhanced by other features. Such of these pavilions as are not empty contain the most disconcerting odds and ends, stuffed beasts, maps, models of ships, pickles, chimney ornaments. On Sunday morning, in an otherwise peaceful scene, great activity was to be observed in the Turkish pavilion; the faithful were hoisting in a large zinc buffet, with taps, and a quantity of bottles, unfortunate surely as national symbols.

No: when one reads the enthusiastic paragraphs of the correspondents describing the fairy-like aspect of this grotesque and trumpery spectacle, when the leader-writers swell over the heroic efforts of a nation for ten years, the triumphs of Peace and international labour, it is impossible not to wish that nine-tenths of the labour and cost could have been bartered for a grain of genius in the laying out of the scene. What a noble Paradise it might have been; a city of palaces and gardens and a lovely river offered to the designer to play with so freely! A city that keeps in age so remarkable a spirit of audacious and fluid youth, that she can carve this great space for pleasure out of her very heart, might have offered a more exquisite mirage to the nations than those perspiring crowds found on Sunday.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.*

WE cannot have too many books about Lord Beaconsfield, be they big or little. Not that we expect anyone to throw fresh light on the great statesman's career or character, until Lord Rowton makes up his mind that the time has arrived to publish the precious letters and memoranda committed to his charge, which will probably not be during the lifetime of our present Sovereign. But Disraeli is one of the few men who will bear any amount of writing about, of writing up and writing down, of admiration or abuse, from all points of the compass. He is like some great mountain, of which one is for ever catching new points of view, whose configuration is perpetually suggesting fantastic and undiscovered shapes according as one regards it from the north, the south, the east or the west. There are not many members of this select band—Dr. Johnson is one, Bolingbroke another—whose lives are an inexhaustible mine for the exploitation of all sorts and conditions of penmen. There is a strong family likeness between all our statesmen of the aristocratic division. Portland and Melbourne and Palmerston are replicas of one another, while Lord Salisbury is distinguished from them merely by the fact that he is educated. The Pitts, Canning, Peel, and Gladstone are interesting from the fact that they forced their way into the inner circle of Whig exclusiveness. But they were all formed in the same public school and university mould; and consequently their modes of thought and style of expression were very similar. Disraeli went to no public school or university: he was born in the Bloomsbury home of a Jewish man of letters, who was sceptical about all religions, and who has been well described as "not himself a genius, but the kindly chronicler of genius." Benjamin Disraeli's view of life was therefore very different from that of Eton and Christchurch: and though, by the patronage of Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay, who were quick to perceive his genius, he was enabled at an early age to enter the outskirts of the fashionable world, and even for a time to play the dandy, he was always in it but not of it. It is impossible to pronounce, and it is therefore idle to speculate, how much of Disraeli's originality was due to his birth and upbringing, and how much to his cerebral organism. Certain it is that to the end of his life no one could foretell what Lord Beaconsfield would say upon any subject or any occasion. At a great historic banquet in the Guildhall, when the world was dying to know what he had to say about Russia, the

* "The Earl of Beaconsfield." By Harold Gorst. London: Blackie and Son. 1900. 2s. 6d.

Premier dwelt with drawn-out complacency, and in his deepest tones, upon "the growing export of chemicals," a chance tip given him a few days previously by a well-known copper baronet. He had a turn of expression quite peculiar to himself, as when he refused the Turnerelli wreath on the ground that he was "intimately connected with honours and rewards." Sometimes his irony was so subtle as to miss its mark. His gorgeous descriptions of ducal domesticity in "Tancred" and "Lothair" are ascribed by shallow judges to vulgarity, to Oriental sensuousness, to a failure to perceive that simplicity is the keynote of English society. In reality they are a very delicate satire on the life of those whom its author used to call "the higher nobility." Equally have the critics ("those who fail in literature and art") missed the almost imperceptible sneer in the latter work at the Roman Catholic Church. When Disraeli wished to twit Sir Robert Peel with being the purveyor of classical chestnuts, he said that the Prime Minister adorned his speeches with "quotations from the classics which were the better appreciated by the House, because most of them had already received the meed of parliamentary approbation," a good specimen of the insolence of his double-edged wit. Sometimes his strokes were too recondite to be seized at the moment, as when he spoke of "the Batavian grace" of Mr. Beresford Hope, and when he described a parliamentary whip as "the instrument with which the races of Nemea were won." The two authors to whom he was under the deepest obligations were Burke and Byron. Some of his most successful phrases, the "extinct volcanoes," "a sublime mediocrity," and "men of light and leading," were appropriated from the writings of the orator and the poet, Disraeli agreeing with Molière that a good thing is the property of its finder; "*c'est mon bien, je le prends où je le trouve*." One is not "born in a library" for nothing. The attacks upon Sir Robert Peel, delivered sixty years ago upon such a dry subject as the Corn Laws, are much better reading to-day than the Letters of Junius.

Disraeli is a refutation of the common notion that the genius of the Hebrew is confined to finance. Upon the three occasions when he appeared as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Disraeli's budgets and budget speeches appear to us far abler than the numerous, voluminous and much-vaunted performances of his rival Gladstone in the same capacity. But nobody supposes that a Chancellor of the Exchequer has anything to do with finance, as the word is understood in the City. His figures are worked up for him by the permanent officials; and his success or failure depends upon his knowledge or ignorance of human nature. In the methods by which large fortunes are gained Disraeli's interest was that of the satirical novelist. Of the countless opportunities of making money safely and quietly, which his friendship with the Rothschilds afforded, he disdained to avail himself. But his pecuniary difficulties are usually exaggerated. His father left him £30,000: at the age of thirty-five he married Mrs. Wyndham Lewis and £6,000 a year: Mrs. Brydges Williams sent him a cheque for £40,000, which, according to Sir William Fraser, he left for several days in an unopened envelope: and after his wife's death he drew, when out of office, a first-class political pension of £2,000 a year. Besides these sources of income he made a good deal by his books, such sums as £10,000 being mentioned in connexion with "Lothair," which was published in 1870, and "Endymion" which appeared shortly before his death. As he had no children, it seems impossible that Disraeli should ever have been really distressed for money (he had no contest after 1846), though the gossip was that he backed D'Orsay's bills and suffered in consequence years of annoyance. But though he showed none of the ordinary Semitic talent for "deals," and figures, Lord Beaconsfield possessed some of the most marked and useful qualities of his race, and he possessed them in that exaggerated and abnormal degree which is the badge of genius. Most Jews are clear-headed, patient, and not deficient in push. But what are we to think of the following passage from "The Young Duke" written at the age of twenty-four? "One thing is clear, that a man may speak very well in the House of Commons and fail very

completely in the House of Lords. There are two distinct styles requisite: *I intend, in the course of my career, if I have time, to give a specimen of both.* In the Lower House 'Don Juan' may perhaps be our model: in the Upper House, 'Paradise Lost.'" When one looks at the date of these words, 1829, and realises that in 1879 the writer had literally done what he said he would do, one almost holds one's breath, the thing is so uncanny. "Vivian Grey," written at the age of twenty-one, contains a clear and concise plan of campaign, which twenty years afterwards was fulfilled to the letter. "At this moment" (1825) "how many a powerful noble wants only wit to be a Minister; and what wants Vivian Grey to attain the same end? That noble's influence." It was of course in 1845 that his combination with Lord George Bentinck gave Disraeli his first real start in politics. The Marquess of Carabas in "Vivian Grey" may be either Bentinck, or the Duke of Buckingham, with whose son, Lord Chandos, Disraeli struck up a great friendship as soon as he entered the House of Commons. The remarkable thing is that this Bloomsbury boy should have seen and decided that his game was to ally his brain with the influence of an aristocrat, and that he should have done it. It is another striking feature in "Vivian Grey," always remembering the date to be 1825, that there move through its earlier pages a couple called Lord and Lady Beaconsfield. George Eliot defined ambition to be the consciousness of coming success—a glaring error, for most men are ambitious and very few are successful. But if the realisation of boyhood's dreams be not genius, then we know not the meaning of the term.

The salient points in Lord Beaconsfield's career, his solicitation of office from Sir Robert Peel—for despite the explanations of indiscriminating champions, it was a solicitation—his subsequent attacks upon the statesman who spurned his proffered allegiance; his education of the Tory party in 1867; the lead which he gave to Europe in 1878; and the broad Imperialism which he successfully opposed to "the policy of disintegration;" we have not touched upon. They are sufficiently familiar, and they are handled in the little book before us, not always sympathetically or with tact. To say the truth, Mr. Harold Gorst has allowed himself to be infected with the cynicism, which we have little difficulty in tracing to the parent, to whom the son gracefully enough owns his indebtedness in the preface. Sir John Gorst was for some time in charge of the party organisation, and he has never concealed his opinion that the great Conservative victory in 1874 was due more to the machinery which he directed than to Lord Beaconsfield. The mechanical theory of politics is as wholly discredited nowadays as the button-pipeclay-and-drill theory of the War Office. Discipline and organisation are necessary, but they cannot lead an army to victory without the genius of a commander. Such sentences as "the masses of the electorate enfranchised in 1867 (or at any rate a large proportion of them) know and care nothing about questions of foreign policy," and "the passions of the thirsty mechanic are aroused to the highest pitch when an extra duty is imposed upon his favourite beverage; but he does not care two-pence about Russia's advance in Central Asia," read rather foolishly by the light of recent events. Cynicism of this sort is the pathetic prerogative of age and disappointment: in the young it is merely repulsive. But we would rather be reminded of our obligations to Lord Beaconsfield, if that were necessary, by Mr. Gorst's book than by Sir John Blundell Maple's presumptuous letter to the newspapers. But indeed no reminder is necessary. The tomb of great men, as Thucydides has put it, is the whole world. And the memory of Lord Beaconsfield is safe in the keeping of the citizens of that wide empire, which his genius did so much to guide and guard.

THE PRICE OF MOTORS.

TO the prospective motorist who is hesitating to embark upon so novel a form of recreation as the driving of a motor, the first question that presents

itself is as to the terms on which he can procure a machine suitable to his requirements. Such an inquiry is more easily started than settled. In the first place, the demand for motors is largely in excess of the supply, so that every manufacturer who is turning out reliable machines can command much higher prices for his productions than he would be able to obtain in the face of active competition. The motor is only just emerging from the experimental stage of its development; from time to time it assumes new forms, and improvements in the details of construction are of frequent occurrence. In matters both of design and manufacture it is in a state of transition. If the analogous case of the bicycle be taken as a guide, it will probably be years before fundamental changes in construction cease to be introduced and adopted. These changes exercise a potent influence on cost of production, for so long as it is possible for new devices to be brought out, supplanting and rendering obsolete existing machines, no manufacturer will venture to accumulate a stock of cars, and will do little more than execute the orders in hand. A limited output involves comparatively high prices, because the cost of special plant and tools, dies and castings, has to be made good out of the profits of a much smaller number of machines. The changes in so comparatively simple a machine as the bicycle went on for twenty-five years or more before anything like finality was reached in its development, and the larger makers dared venture to make machines by the thousand.

The important road-trial promoted by the Automobile Club, and designed as a practical demonstration of the reliable character of the various forms of motor-cars, will commence on Monday next; it has been preceded, this week, by an exhibition of motors at the Agricultural Hall. The exhibition, the best and most comprehensive collection of machines that has yet been brought together, includes those motors, fully equipped for active service, which will take part in the impending trial. The intending purchaser will find that the cheapest form of motor of which he can possess himself is the tricycle, the price of which may be put down at from £60 to £80. This is of mechanical construction throughout, the rider being seated on a saddle similar to that used on the bicycle, and provided moreover with pedals by means of which he assists in the starting of the machine, and in propulsion on stiff ascents. The tricycle is adapted rather to the athletic type of rider, who has been used to the bicycle, than to those who seek in the motor the ease of the horse-drawn carriage. To the latter the four-wheeled and heavier vehicles will alone appeal. The type known as the voiturette is one that promises to become popular on account of its comfort, cost, and moderate weight. These and cars of somewhat similar build, which are intermediate between the motor cycle and the more pretentious carriages, range in price from £120 to £180, while large and more commodious vehicles cost anything up to several hundreds of pounds.

The extent to which such mechanism as that employed in the motor lends itself to new devices in the application and economy of power is obvious. Wherever practicable, improvements of this kind are made the subjects of patents, and the use of patented articles necessarily enhances the cost of production. Although all patents are superseded, or lapse by the effluxion of time, they are sometimes found capable of being exploited to the detriment of the public by monopolists. At the present time the motor industry is largely worked from abroad, many of the cars are imported from France and Germany, and there are very few indeed that are of entirely British manufacture. This applies especially to the innumerable component parts and fittings, which English firms do not yet apparently think it worth their while to manufacture. Pneumatic tyres are costly items in the bill, yet so great is the gain in comfort and speed by their use, that they are practically indispensable for all the lighter forms of motor car. The employment of the coachbuilder and the upholsterer in the construction and equipment of the car itself introduces other trades, and adds considerably to the cost of production. It would seem therefore that there is little hope of any appreciable reduction in the price of motors in the near future. In course of

time, no doubt, competition will make itself felt, and there will be cheap motors as there are cheap bicycles, but a due regard for personal safety and ultimate economy will be best observed by the avoidance of both.

A BURIED CITY.*

IT is a curious fact, worthy to be noted by the committee of the looked-for British School at Rome, that, for many years past, English books on the buried cities of Campania have been the work of the unscholarly amateur. Such writers have shown themselves sufficiently impressed with the sentimental and romantic interest of the subject, but sadly lacking in the sound knowledge of antiquity required to form a safe basis for the efforts of their fancy.

At last, though only by the co-operation of a German author and an American translator, we have an adequate account in English of the present state of Pompeii. Professor Mau is a Holsteiner, who has been for many years resident in Italy and is well known for his contributions to the literature of the subject. His translator, Mr. Kelsey, dates from the University of Michigan. The result of their joint labours is a handsome and well-illustrated volume. The reader is first taken through the chief buildings, public and private. The descriptions of the buildings are followed by more general chapters on such topics as Pompeian art and inscriptions. The nationalities of the authors can be discerned but are not aggressively prominent. Transatlantic spelling and phrases occur from time to time without being unpleasantly numerous. The most serious drawback is an almost entire want of references, or other bibliographical aids to the reader who wants to pursue a subject beyond the covers of the book.

Recent investigation at Pompeii, and in its neighbourhood, has been fruitful both in providing fresh materials for study, and in placing our knowledge of the town's architectural history in better perspective. Among the most striking results of the excavations of late years are the town house of the family of the Vettii and the country house found near Boscoreale. The Vettii were a family of prosperous business men. The names of more than one are found on the tablets of Cæcilius Jucundus, the leading local auctioneer. They had acquired an old house with a most admirable picture gallery. Its principal works were fine and dignified mythological subjects set in stately panels. But, as has happened elsewhere, in the like case, the new owners continued the decoration on new principles, with rough and hasty impressionist scenes, such as mythological incidents enacted by moonlight, which harmonise ill with the compositions of the painters who by comparison may be called the old masters.

The Vettii, or their representatives, had returned after the eruption, and excavated for what they could find. The personal history of the house is therefore less vivid than that connected with the country villa of Boscoreale. This also was the house of a well-to-do owner, chiefly occupied with the production of wine and oil. The establishment was strictly self-contained, having the dwelling-rooms and the wine-making rooms on two adjacent sides of a small court. The house was not remarkable, except for the singular modernity of its water supply. It depended on the rainfall, which was carefully stored in a lead cistern. Thence a portion passed to the ordinary domestic taps. A portion passed to a large boiler, from which by an elaborate system of cocks the master's private bath and basin could be supplied at pleasure with hot, cold, or tepid water. In the early autumn of 79 A.D. the threatening state of Vesuvius alarmed the household. The vintage was approaching, and the room which contained the wine presses had been cleaned and made ready for the new grapes. In particular a reservoir to which the new wine flowed from the presses was clean and empty. The room was well protected with a thick wall. Here therefore, when flight was still thought to be unnecessary, or perhaps when it had already become impossible,

* "Pompeii: its Life and Art." By August Mau. Translated into English by Francis W. Kelsey. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1900. 25s. net.

a couch and a table, and smaller articles, were brought from the living rooms of the house. Some man, perhaps the master, hastily gathered in a cloth his precious collection of silver plate, and his hoard of a thousand gold pieces—varying in date from the well-worn coins of the early emperors, to the brand-new mintage of Vespasian. The lady of the house, marked by her jewelled earrings, two other men, and a favourite dog also came to the chosen refuge. But the foul gases were quick in their action. The master sought safety in the underground reservoir, but shared the fate of his companions. His store of silver plate lay with him till the other day. It now adorns the Louvre, to which it was presented by the liberality of a member of the house of Rothschild. One fragment alone, which in his haste he had dropped near his strong cupboard, and which was therefore found separately, is now at Bloomsbury. While this was passing indoors, there was also a moment of brief agony outside. The dog by the porter's recess, was straining his chain when he was overcome. One of the three horses had broken loose from the stable. The fowls had huddled together in one corner of the yard and the pigs in another. A slave was trying flight, with his few coins, but had hardly started before he too was suffocated by the fumes.

While the progress of excavation thus adds to our knowledge of the last days of Pompeii, recent research has also been engaged in tracing back the city's history. The life of a busy country town had been suddenly cut short by a catastrophe. Of course all the more ephemeral facts, the persons, utensils, provisions and much of the decoration, belonged to the date of the catastrophe, and little attempt was made by the earlier writers to disengage the history of the town. But at Pompeii, as in any other old-established city that might meet with a like fate, traces of antiquity can be distinguished from among the modern facts which at first seem to obscure them. Herculaneum, as its name suggests, was founded by Hercules, and with the comfortable precision of last-century chronology, the event used to be assigned to the year 1342 B.C. The old Doric temple at Pompeii, as it were the old church of a country town, goes back to the sixth century B.C. and is therefore earlier than any extant building at Athens. The older houses of the town, such as that of the Surgeon, are assigned to the third century B.C. Many of the best of the public buildings and private houses belong to the century following. Then the town becomes a Roman colony, with its Roman officials whose election contests are still recorded in conspicuous red paint on so many of its buildings. The Empire brought in imperial shrines and portrait statues. In 63 A.D., perhaps as a premonition of the eruption, there was an earthquake, from the effects of which the town had only partially recovered, sixteen years later. The public buildings were still in the hands of workmen. Some had been repaired, others were reconstructed on a more modern plan, and others were awaiting their turn. But in 79 A.D. came the great eruption, and after the fugitive survivors had ceased their efforts to recover their property, the city slept for nearly seventeen hundred years, to reawake in our modern world.

Professor Mau has had a distinguished share in the work of reconstructing the ancient history of Pompeii. But to the plain man, who is no specialist and not particularly interested in the details of ancient life, the charm of Pompeii lies in its strong mental effect. The events of the summer of 79 are felt with a vividness of apprehension and mental realisation that are rare indeed when we are considering matters separated from us by such an interval of time. The Professor once wrote somewhat slightly of an English writer's "impressions" and he is very sparing with his own. And here he is quite right. Any man, of sympathetic intelligence, who visits Pompeii can feel and enjoy his own impression of an historical event vividly realised, but he cares little for the reflections of one of his many predecessors upon the same theme. On the other hand, when he seeks to give precision and fulness to his mental picture, he can only do so by a study of the details, not in themselves of special interest, which make up a large part of Pompeian description.

Within the outlines, thus obtained, the slighter incidents find their fitting place. Some legends familiar from long repetition must be dismissed. No Roman sentry stood at his post faithful to the end. The supposed sentry box was a recess in a tomb, and there was no reason for thinking that the human remains were those of a sentry. But after all deductions, enough remains of the tragic and the pathetic, mingled as always with the trivial, to make Pompeii unique amongst ancient sites in the intensity of its human interest. The enthusiasm of the local antiquary is apt to call any well-covered site a Pompeii, whether a grassy Silchester or an arid Timgad. But so far as the human interest is concerned there is all the difference between a house that has been long abandoned, and one whose inhabitants have just gone out. The one is bare and empty; the other is full of suggestion and interest to the sympathetic observer.

"IPHIGÉNIE EN TAURIDE."

WHATEVER effort one may make, it is difficult not to experience at first a certain repulsion in presence of the art-work produced in earlier centuries than this, when the subject of that art-work comes out of a still younger time. The nineteenth century saw the birth of what might almost be called a new sense, the historic sense, the sense of the old time before us and all the changes brought about by the mere passage of time. We have acquired a keen appreciation of the customs, manners, dress, modes of thought and the feelings of the peoples that have perished. No dramatist of to-day could set three Roman soldiers singing a catch, "Jack, thou'rt a toper," as Beaumont and Fletcher, or the person who altered their work did in "Bonduca." Nor could he, as Shakespeare does in "Hamlet," permit one grave digger to say to another "Go, get thee to Vaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor." No actor would dare to play a historical personage in modern costume; or, if he tried, he would be smothered under a storm of laughter and opera-glasses and oranges and whatever other missiles stalls, pit and gallery had handy. It is not simply that we desire realism, or what we suppose to be realism, in these matters: it is something subtler than that. If, as Mr. Blackburn holds, the passage of time actually robs a work of art of its quality of modernity, no less does it endue the work of art with a quality that it did not possess in its own generation, the quality of old-worldishness. To us it makes another appeal besides the appeal made by its own intrinsic power. It comes to us bringing a host of rich remembrances of things we never knew. In play or poem or music a dead voice speaks to us mournfully, with a wondrous charm, yet with a dreary pathos, the pathos of the echo of one's own voice in a ruined homestead; and from sculpture and from painting the eyes of the dead look out strangely upon us. Cæsar in a frock coat and tall hat is not only an outrage on a historical fact: it seems very like an outrage on the memory of Cæsar himself. To us an old-world myth or story of a historical event, a Greek drama or sculpture, a mediæval picture or poem, is not a thing that can be felt as if it had been created yesterday: it is the work of a man who drew his breath as we do, who ate and drank and loved and hated as we do, and who with all his coevals has utterly perished, has been wiped out as a pencil mark is sponged off a slate, almost as if he had never been. We can never cease to be conscious that the men who created the old works of art, and the men and women they painted or wrote or sang about, have slipped away and will not return, and by brooding on the thought all modern poets and painters and musicians have arrived at an acute sense of the form and colour of all the past ages. The feeling for the past has even been exploited, as by Tennyson and Wagner, for its own sake, and a past that never was has been created for us. All the Wanderer music in the "Ring" is imbued with it, and it is gorgeously used as a background to the passion of Tristan and Isolde at the beginning of the second act.

of "Tristan." Tennyson worked it magnificently, as for instance in this,

"So saying from the ruin'd shrine he slept,
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang,
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam."

On the other hand, Tennyson had his lapses. Who can think without laughing of the passage in "Geraint and Enid," which is a Jane Austen novel done into mediocre verse, where the mother

"With frequent smile and nod departing found,
Half disarray'd as to her rest, the girl,
Whom first she kissed on either cheek, and then
On either shining shoulder laid a hand,
And kept her off and gazed upon her face,
And told her all their converse in the hall,
Proving her heart?"

There is the old world: in the first passage you have the modern world. The birth of this historic sense is no whit less important than the birth of the sense of perspective. It is the one permanent thing bequeathed to us by romanticism. All the art which came before its birth is truly archaic. Splendid things were done without its help; but still more splendid things must needs be done by means of it.

In Gluck there is no trace of it. His "Iphigénie en Tauride," like every one of his operas, is sheer eighteenth century. And though this means that to us it lacks something, yet to us also it gives the work a singular charm. The fragrance, the somewhat dusty fragrance, of the eighteenth century hangs about it. But it is not the sweet, dull odour, delicious though it is and entrancing, that enables us to endure an eighteenth-century French court Iphigenia, Orestes and Pylades. We put up with the archaism and dry formalism, the Frenchified classicism, because we have one of the simplest, most powerful and poignant dramas in the world perfectly matched with music. Both in his drama and in his music Gluck not only avoids all ornamentation, but prunes away everything, however human and interesting it may be, that might possibly interfere with the play of naked passions which constitutes the drama. "Iphigénie" is that very uncommon bird, an opera without a love story. At Brussels, it is true, Mr. Imbart de la Tour, the Pylades, thought fit when being introduced by Orestes to Iphigenia to give her sundry glances which clearly meant that he and she would do a little love-making on the way from Tauris to Greece. But was there ever an opera singer yet who did not consider himself at heart a formidable Don Juan, or herself an all-conquering Helen? I forgive Mr. de la Tour, but must take leave to observe that there is no indication whatever in the words or the score to warrant his behaviour. Purely as an expression of Mr. de la Tour's own views possibly it was right and even commendable; as part of the opera it was ridiculous. The absence of the love element increases, certainly does not diminish, the intensity of the various dramatic situations that arise. Nothing could be simpler than Gluck's treatment of the story. There are three affectionate human beings not only at war with an outside force that seeks to crush them, but compelled by that outside force to war with one another. Iphigenia, Orestes and Pylades are all caught in a trap. Iphigenia's supposed duty to the gentle goddess, Diana, who once saved her life, compels her to become, or go to the very verge of becoming, the murderess of her brother; Orestes, persecuted by the furies, seeks for death; when it is near at hand his friend Pylades pleads to be sacrificed for him. The knot is ultimately cut in a characteristically eighteenth-century way. Pylades is sent away and returns almost immediately with a sufficient number of his friends to overcome the outside force—represented by Thoas, the tyrant; Diana descends from the skies, excuses Iphigenia, and puts Orestes right with the furies; and all ends happily. To this simple drama Gluck has written music which, in its way, is one of the most amazing things the world has been given. I think it was Ingres

who remarked to Gounod that a scene of old Lulli was like iron in its harshness. It might almost be said of parts of "Iphigénie en Tauride." But of the music as a whole one rather thinks of it as statuesque, as hewn out of solid marble, marble for the most part cold, and yet curiously flushing for moments with warm red blood. Gluck, for all his unspeakable depths of feeling, was not at any time prone to give himself away, to unpack his heart in notes; but he was never so restrained as in this "Iphigénie." He had a broad, simple, elemental drama to set, and he set it to broad, simple, elemental music. He knew the power of the drama, and allowed the drama to make its own effect, reserving his pure music for the lyrical moments with a self-denial as ruthless as Wagner's. There is none of the persistent tenderness of the "Orphée," and not at its tenderest is there a phrase to compare with the divine "Euridice va paraître" (bar 33 of the second chorus in the Elysian fields). To understand the spirit of "Iphigénie" it is only necessary to compare Iphigenia's song "O malheureuse Iphigénie" with the song of Orpheus "J'ai perdu mon Euridice." Orpheus' song is a full and complete expression of a narrow, acute, personal grief. Iphigenia's is broad, almost majestic in its reticence: the tide of emotion flows with far less noise and bubbling, but is far deeper and more powerful. Gluck reserved his passionate music for the scene between Pylades and Orestes where each wishes to die for the other, just as he reserved his noisy music for the opening storm scene, the chorus of Scythians, and the chorus of furies. The dramatist in him must have fought a hard battle with the musician before the musician consented to sacrifice so much; but the dramatist won, and both dramatist and musician have their reward in a magnificently balanced work which was unique at the time, and remains, and is likely to remain, unique. What Mozart once said of his own music is even truer of Gluck's "Iphigénie": there is exactly the right number of notes. There is not only not a note too many: there is not a thought too many. In Wagner, Beethoven, even in Mozart, there are pages which show that the composer's brain was as full of thoughts as the seas are of moving waters, and as in the depths of the seas there are creeping things and dead men's bones, so in the music of those men there are hints of regrets and remorse and emotions quite irrelevant to the work in hand, or having a connexion known only to the composers themselves. Gluck's brain was also, we may be sure, full of many thoughts; but he pitilessly suppressed them all; and throughout "Iphigénie" there is not a note that is not there for the sake of the drama.

Hence it is still said of Gluck, as it used to be said of Wagner, that he lacked a proper technical equipment. I wish that the people who parrot these things would take a moment's thought about the meaning of the word technique. More than possibly Gluck could not have written a Bach fugue; but then neither could Bach have written a Gluck music-drama. Gluck was master of the technique he needed for the expression of himself. The man who wrote the opening storm of "Iphigénie en Tauride" certainly knew the mere musician's part of his business. Then, besides, there are the tremendous chorus of furies (wretchedly represented, by the way, at Brussels) in which one feels the fiends swarming up and around Orestes in crowds; the equally tremendous song "Dieux qui me poursuivez," and a score of other things in which high musicianship is used for the noblest ends. The scene with the furies is one of the most powerful in the opera. After Gluck a gentleman named Mozart came along and learned a good deal for the Statue scenes in "Don Giovanni" from that awful phrase "Il a tué sa mère." Another stupendous effect is got by the wonderful hymn of the priestesses "Chaste fille de Latone." But I might go on for a hundred pages merely enumerating the fine points of the work. From whatever point of view one regards it, it stands as one of few first-rank achievements in opera. A contemporary lately made the original remark that Shakespeare wrote for all time. I had not thought of it with regard to Shakespeare; but it is certainly true of Gluck when he wrote his "Iphigénie en Tauride." It is freely rumoured that a representative of Covent Garden went to the Brussels

performance; so perhaps it is not utterly preposterous to suppose that the opera may be given in London within, say, the next hundred and fifty years.

J. F. R.

"SAMSON AGONISTES" AND "ZAZA."

DOUBTLESS, Milton meant "Samson Agonistes" to be really dramatic; so, doubtless, Mr. Belasco meant "Zaza;" but each failed utterly of his purpose. Thus the two plays of which I have to say something this week have one fundamental quality in common—the quality of not being plays. However, parallels are notoriously so hard to pursue, and the superficial divergences in this case are so wide and many, that I prefer to deal with these two plays separately. Let me, then, take them in order of merit.

"Samson Agonistes"—do I see Mr. Belasco's brow darken?—was produced very creditably by the Elizabethan Stage Society. Seeing that Milton was the pre-eminent sounder of what is perhaps the dominant note in the English character, I had often wondered that no English enthusiast had ever gone so far as to attempt this tribute to his ashes. For there is little doubt that Milton himself wished "Samson Agonistes" to be enacted. True, in his preface, he speaks of "the stage to which this work never was intended;" but he says nothing to imply that it ought to be kept from the stage, and one may assume that he would have liked it to be used as one of those "set and solemn panurgies in theatres" which he had recommended to the civil magistrates as means of grace for a paganised public. Yet it was not until a century had elapsed after his death that anyone even mooted its production. In the latter part of the eighteenth century Bishop Atterbury proposed to have it produced at Westminster, and he is said to have asked Mr. Pope to superintend the rehearsals; but one does not hear that anything came of the pious plan. To Mr. Poel, a man of sterner stuff, was left the glory of leading the van—and, I am afraid, of bringing up the rear, for one cannot suppose that the play will be acted again, at least in our time. It has none of the qualities which make production tolerable to more than a very few even in the inner ring of the faithful. I admit that I, for my part, enjoyed it very much indeed, and came away from it moved and impressed. But then, I am able to sit and listen to declamation of mere poetry, for any number of hours, without being bored. And this is a taste which is very curious and rare, for, while the general public, of course, cannot stand mere poetry under any circumstances, literary creatures mostly prefer to read it to themselves. I am one of the few literary creatures who cannot with pleasure read it to myself: I prefer that it be read aloud or recited to me by someone else. For this reason, I always cultivate the acquaintance of people who like reading things aloud, and I go as often as I can to "recitals" in this or that little hall. It was in such a spirit that I went to hear "Samson Agonistes." The play, I knew, had no dramatic quality whatsoever. It has often been compared with the work of the Greek dramatists, and it is, of course, cast in the form created by them, and modelled on their manner. Particularly, as Mr. Gosse has somewhere said, it is founded on the "Prometheus Vincit." So far as the grand manner of poetry is concerned, it is worthy of the comparison. But in point of dramatic quality no such comparison could well be made. The unending anguish of Prometheus, the despair and discord of the heart-cries wrung from him, the doomed struggles in which his soul seems to rend asunder his body, and his body his soul—these things are essential drama for us, even though they were first revealed to us in a "construe." Interesting, admirable, edifying, correct, is Samson's attitude of submission, but it never for one instant touches drama. Nor is there in this play any organic life, any progress: the *personæ* come on, speak, go off, without swelling or expediting the volume of the idea. There are so many scenes, so many choruses, and then the play is over. All is quite static and marmoreal. For him who can appreciate poetry in his study the play can gain nothing by the

visual method of the stage. There is no intrinsic reason why Milton should have cast his theme in dramatic, rather than in epic, form. Strange that the dramatic form, for which vocation is so painfully rare, is the form which, more or less, sooner or later, attracts and involves every man who can write anything at all! Milton told how he, as a young man rusticated from Cambridge, was for a time stage-struck. He confided to Charles Diodati his enthusiasm for the "garrula scena," and the "sinuosi pompa theatri," &c. &c.; and his "Samson" suggests to us that he was stage-struck even in those mature days when he came to regard the contemporary theatre as an abomination to be scourged. And "Samson" was only one of fifty or sixty subjects he had jotted down for dramatic treatment. That he chose it from the rest was due of course to its autobiographic appeal—the blindness, the isolation, the bitterness for time past. It is as a piece of autobiography that his play lives—as autobiography set forth in magnificent verse. As drama it is still-born. Yet I am glad that it was cast in dramatic form, for else I should not have had the opportunity of hearing it under Mr. Poel's auspices, and of enjoying it far more than I ever had at home. Mr. F. Rawson Buckley spoke the part of Samson exactly in the right manner, making no attempt at any kind of dramatic emphasis, but insisting carefully on the rhythm. The Chorus, too, was managed skilfully. The ten women and three men who were in it passed listlessly to and fro, crossing and re-crossing one another, now one taking up the chant, now another, and all moving and chanting in a solemn and monotonous manner which became almost uncannily impressive.

"Zaza" is an absurdity within an absurdity. It is absurd, in the first place, to suppose that you can make a play by merely writing a part in which a celebrated actress may run through her favourite tricks and by setting up a number of little dummy parts round it. When a dramatist subverts the nature of things by making himself the humble interpreter of an actress, he ceases, forthwith, to be a dramatist. Also, he does a grave disservice to the actress; but as she is always very anxious that he should do it, and as the doing of it is almost always very lucrative, his eagerness for the job is not unnatural. There are many people who delight to see the celebrated actress disporting herself in a part specially made for her. I can understand their taste, though I do not share it myself. I can understand that Madame Réjane must have played the part of Zaza quite perfectly, though I personally, who care for mimes only as media, do not regret not having seen her in it. Such plays as "Zaza" are all the more objectionable when they are translated into another language for the benefit of other actresses who do not at all resemble the actresses for whose benefit they were originally faked up. I called "Zaza" an absurdity within an absurdity because Mrs. Leslie Carter is not at all like Réjane. She is a very capable, even powerful, actress, but she has little instinct for comedy, and the part which fits Réjane like a glove does not fit her. The glove, if I may say so, splits loudly at every seam. Loudness is, indeed, the chief feature of her performance; every point is exaggerated and underlined, every scene is over-acted. On the first night at the Garrick, Mrs. Carter over-acted to such a degree that at the end of the fourth act she had ten or eleven "recalls." Quite apart from the obvious fact that she has established herself as a favourite, the play will, I suspect, run through the season. In New York it had, I believe, a kind of *succès d'esclandre*, and, though it is said to have been toned down for London, it contains enough mild libidinosity to get itself talked about and booked for. Commercially, its one drawback is that it is much too long. In Paris and New York they dine earlier than we, and are allowed to sup later. I would suggest that some of the inoffensive scenes should be cut.

MAX.

A LIFE ASSURANCE PROBLEM.

THE Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York provides a practical problem in life assurance, which is decided with equal confidence in diametrically

opposite ways. Such a state of things is at least interesting, and it is instructive to see how these opposing views can be reconciled. The chief arguments of a definite nature that are brought against the Company are that its expenditure is excessively high, and that its bonuses are not so good as they were. Judged by English standards the expenses are undeniably high, being nearly double the average expenditure of British offices. We have an instance of an English company spending very nearly as much as the Mutual, and yet while doing so giving results to its policy-holders that were hardly equalled by any other companies, and if there are circumstances connected with the Mutual that compensate for its heavy expenditure it may be right to argue that the results are good in spite of the expenditure, just as it may be right to argue that the heavy expenses are a bad feature.

Judgment by results is a very good test of a Life office, and the opponents of the Mutual would be justified in their objections if they could show not merely that the bonuses were less than formerly, but that recent results compare unfavourably with other offices. Years ago the Mutual bonuses were unprecedentedly large, owing to a variety of circumstances that have now passed away. The principal factor in these phenomenal results was the very high rate of interest formerly earned in America, and as the fall in interest has been greater in the United States than in this country it would not be surprising if the Mutual bonuses had fallen to a greater extent than the bonuses in British offices. The matter is not, however, an easy one to test, since the Company's valuation returns do not supply the necessary data for an adequate comparison. When, however, we look at Mutual bonuses on policies effected within the last ten years, during which the conditions have been substantially the same as they are now, the results are, beyond question, excellent.

There are two sources of surplus which help to provide the good bonuses the Mutual declares. The rate of interest earned upon the funds last year was $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the increase in the value of investments was fully 2 per cent. of the funds, making practically a return upon the funds at the rate of $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Another feature which is unquestionably a source of great profit is the excessive strictness in the medical selection of lives: this results in a very favourable mortality, the surplus from which it is not easy to measure, but which must certainly be very large. There are various miscellaneous sources of profit which are probably greater in the Mutual than in many other companies, but these also it is difficult to estimate.

The conclusion of the matter therefore seems to be that those who hold an opinion adverse to the Company rely upon sound arguments which, however, do not cover the whole ground, and the solution of a problem which considers only some of the factors is likely to be erroneous, while a solution which gives weight to both pros and cons is more likely to be correct. One valid test which can easily be applied is to see how the actual guarantees of the Mutual compare with those of other offices; no one pretends that there is any doubt about the Company punctually fulfilling all its contracts; its financial stability is above question, and as in any case bonuses in the remote, if not in the immediate, future are certain to be less all round it is better worth considering what you are certain to get than what you may possibly obtain. Certainties can be definitely compared, possibilities can only be vaguely compared, and the former is a more reliable test than the latter. Judged on this basis, the Mutual comes out well.

We have made no reference to the actual figures of last year's report; they are chiefly remarkable for their extraordinary magnitude in all directions, and perhaps the most important conclusion to be drawn from them is that a company displaying so much energy and winning so much confidence cannot fail to present features which ought at least to be considered by anyone wishing to assure to the best advantage.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"HEARTS ACROSS THE SEA."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

P.O. Box 118, Hoboken, N.J., 5 April, 1900.

SIR,—In your issue of 17 March, Mr. Cunningham Graham asks two straightforward questions to which will now be given answers of like quality.

He wants first to know whether there is not on our Senate's minutes a motion to intervene on behalf of the Boers by the United States. Yes; there is such. When this motion was introduced it was referred to the foreign relations committee which refused to consider it. The Senator who thus moved boldly appealed from the committee to get the thing considered in open Senate but in vain. Another party made such a move in the House of Representatives with the same result. The motion was like that of Mr. — (whom I can name) of a former time in the House of Commons to recognise the rebel States of America as a nation and amounted to no more. In this M.P.'s time, when he was prominent, the insolence of large portions of press and Parliament towards us, who were defending our country against an unjust rebellion for the support of slavery, far exceeded that of any American pro-Boerism towards Britain. Let Englishmen note this; also note that pro-Boer discussion here is in much better temper than in Continental Europe. This no doubt is largely because Anglophobia as a national feeling is dead here, while far from so in any country of the latter except Italy and the smaller Powers.

Mr. Cunningham Graham next wants to know whether any responsible American statesman would dare in unpacked meeting advocate an Anglo-American alliance. Certainly. Many would dare, but would be unlikely to do it because the time is not ripe and neither country has any pressing need for such at present. A case in point was President Cleveland's proposal for an Anglo-American arbitration treaty for all such disputes as arbitration can handle, for would not such a treaty be a species of alliance? It gained a majority of the Senate but not the required two thirds vote, when only a few years before it would not have been considered. Have we not allied ourselves for the "open door" for trade in China and did we not formerly ally ourselves for the government and protection of Samoa? The formation of any alliance must be gradual but such facts are significant.

With evident justice in view of his letter Mr. Cunningham Graham disclaims having written in other than good spirit, saying it was not worth while for Americans to write in his spirit in view of what he said he meant. Unhappily this was not at all clear from his former letters' wording.

He complains that British statesmen basely truckled to America upon one occasion. Fenian and other agitators here say ours have truckled to Britain upon other occasions. Are not these two views identical in kind? Therefore can he wonder that he was misunderstood?

He condemns the insulting language of pro-Boer meetings very justly. The true character of such meetings was pointed out in my letter you published 10 February where it was shown that they were conducted by a class of men who in American parlance "want to be somebody and don't know how," who appeal to the morbid sentimentality of another class. They in no way typify American thought or action. They will accomplish nothing but some noise as you will see later. In view of their character they are sure to use insulting language. Irresponsible impulsive parties (called "cranks" here) have lost their heads at such meetings as agitators often do; that is all.

The Senator who called 95 per cent. of the Americans pro-Boer was one of this class overstraining himself for effect. There are a few freaks in the Senate at present and he is one.

Mr. Cunningham Graham thinks we are glozing over something in the Cuban matter. Reply to him can be made when his meaning is clear, for he did not make it so. All phases of this question have been discussed at length. If there was any cause for shame it was the mad display of yellow journalism immediately

before the war, but do not forget that yellow and jingo journals in London did the same thing before the African war. General Sherman's famous saying "War is Hell" is true in any case. It always has good and bad causes even for the better belligerent. Neither your present war nor ours of 1898 could be an exception with human nature as it is.

The writer is no advocate or apologist for pro-Boerism. One need not be to show its real character and proportions as he wishes to do.—Very truly,

JAMES H. BATES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Gartmore, Stirling, N.B.

SIR,—Vieyra the great Portuguese Jesuit and missionary was accustomed to observe that among all the miracles which our Lord had performed, he had never heard that He had cured anyone of folly.

He might also have said that there was no instance on record of Divine interposition to keep men to the point.

Of all the birds, it would seem that the bald-headed eagle is the most ticklish. If I am wrong in this assumption I will be judged by Mr. Hudson, the ornithologist. In my various letters to the SATURDAY REVIEW, on what has seemed to me the mistake made by British statesmen, in rushing to the assistance of America against Spain, and thus deserting an old ally for a hypothetical new friend, I have endeavoured to show that my complaint was not against America, but against British statesmen. I have uniformly endeavoured to preserve a temperate tone (so useful in international, and even in private, controversy), and I have not dealt in vague generalities, but in concrete facts. Neither I think have I said a single word at which any calm-minded American citizen could take exception. Correspondents, clerical as well as from the ranks of the diversified laity of the great republic, have delivered themselves in your columns, impartially and otherwise.

It has been reserved for Mr. James H. Bates (P.O. Box 118, Hoboken) to favour us with one of the old-fashioned, whole-souled screeches of the Bird of Freedom, which in old times were so refreshing to the exhausted ears of a "petered out" and "effete" Old World.

Needless to say that he quite misses my point, and thinks that I am reproaching the United States for her attitude in the Anglo-Boer war.

Far be it from me to say that the United States is a "petty State," or to presume even to hint into which rank her naval power falls. I accept with due humility the confident statement that "Americans have proved themselves the best gunners."

But still even on this point, I ask for light, more light. On what occasion did this "proof" take place? Is the average American a better "gunner" than the average Boer or than the average Frenchman?

I am pleased to learn that the United States could if she wished be the first of naval powers; but in regard to the seizure of Canada, I venture to think that the Canadians might possibly have objected. As to an "American-Franco-Russian Alliance," it does not seem immediately probable, and so I will return to facts, and leave vague speculations for Theosophists, practical business men, "scientists," and others who deal in such matters.

It still appears to me that Great Britain has gained nothing by her base desertion of Spain, and by catering for an Anglo-American alliance.

Leaving declamation, threats and rhapsodies about impertinent and pompous demands (hitherto unmade) for compensation, on one side, this is how I survey the matter.

The United States is the greatest commercial rival of Great Britain. Wars of the future (say the political economists) will be for markets. I am content to believe the political economists till practice, as is usual in such cases, proves their theory to be false. At a given time, when a nation long on friendly terms with this country was attacked and stripped of her colonies on pretexts, which did not seem to me adequate, Great Britain, who might have saved her, threw all her weight on the side of the despoiler.

It is no use pointing to the Invincible Armada, I too have heard of it; I have read too of the wars of Philip II., but not of his wars against England. Gibraltar is no doubt a perpetual grievance to the Spaniards, as it would also be to the English (and the Scotch) if Dumbarton Castle were in the hands of the Spaniards.

In spite of that (and notwithstanding the assurances of Spanish Loyalists in Cuba so certain to be on confidential terms with all Americans), I believe that the isolated position of Great Britain, and the dangerous and aggressive vicinity of France to Spain, together with the mutual interests of both Spain and Great Britain on the Mediterranean, all pointed to an alliance between the two countries. To go no further than Morocco, it is for the interest of both Great Britain and Spain to maintain the "status quo" in that country, whereas to France, Morocco would be the coping-stone of that great Empire (built upon the sands), which she dreams of in Northern Africa. These then are the reasons, together with the traditional good friendship between the two countries and the sentimental feeling of dislike to see our country act a base part before the world, which induced me to think that our statesmen in rushing to the assistance of America grasped at the shadow and let the substance go.

Far be it from me (who do not attempt to speak for anybody but myself) to say that America owed us "compensation." We gave our assistance unasked for, and as Mr. Bates properly points out, as the "commodity" was not "ordered," there is no reason it should be paid for.

The fact however still remains, that in the books of the American Senate an unrescinded motion for pro-Boer intervention is (I believe) extant.

Meetings, not only of Germans and of Irishmen but of British-descended Americans, are daily held in which Great Britain is held up to scorn. I care not a fraction whether the "yellow press" was founded by a "disreputable Polish Jew," having thought that the equality of man was a cardinal doctrine in the constitution of America. But still I ask how is one nation to judge of the sentiments of another, except by the utterances of public men, and the articles of the Press?

Even Mr. Bates cannot ask us to believe that the entire American Press was the malign work of the "Polander Jew," and I have yet to learn that there is one American paper entirely favourable to Great Britain in the present war. Why Mr. Bates, who is evidently neither a Jew, a "Polander," a German nor an Irishman, should make so many excuses for the expressed opinion of his countrymen passes my understanding. If press and pulpit, platform and articles in newspapers have any value in America, it is clear that the majority of opinion in America is hostile to us in our present war, and I am glad of it. It shows that the people of the Great Republic despised our conduct in their late war with Spain and estimated it as but the product of our fears. Nations as well as individuals are seldom above profiting by help in difficulties, but the difficulty over, usually pay the truckling helper with contempt.—Yours faithfully,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

P.S.—I see that Mr. Bates acknowledges that the Pro-Boer Resolution is *still* intact on the books of the American Senate and it is no use to explain it away, there it is, and *can be used if necessary*.

In a similar way he refers slightly to the Senator who proposed the Resolution, and says he is no representative of American thought, but he also says this of every newspaper in the United States.

How then, if Senators do not represent, and newspapers do not reflect, is a poor puzzleheaded Briton to get at American opinion?

Once more, I do not complain of any expression of American opinion, I think it only the outcome of American tradition which has always been hostile to this country, and I blame our statesmen for truckling to a nation, 95 per cent. of whose population is said without contradiction, in its Senate, "to hate and despise us."

In regard to President Cleveland's position, I fail to see what that has to do with the matter. For all I know Henry Clay might have been in favour of an

Anglo-American alliance. I spoke of politicians now before the American people, and Mr. Bates himself admits that though they might "dare," they certainly would not "do."

R. B. C. G.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Junior Conservative Club.

SIR,—Being an American I may perhaps take the liberty to be rather amused by Mr. Joseph Banister's letter printed in a recent issue. Rarely, I think, have I seen an utterance so little informed with the facts on which utterances so positive are preferably to be based. In order to discredit your correspondent's sources of knowledge it is only necessary to quote his description of Mr. G. W. Smalley as an "ultra-patriotic and at one time anti-British American"—a description so absurdly incorrect as to call for no correction.

Indeed, Sir, your correspondent's views are founded upon an entire misconception. It is true that the rabble in some of the large towns of the United States affect a sympathy for the Boers in the present war, but it is a sympathy purely hysterical, perfectly insincere and of absolutely no importance. Educated Americans—and they, after all, are only to be considered as responsible for their country's sentiment—are very far indeed from holding the views of which they are suspected by your uninstructed correspondent.—Yours faithfully,

BARRETT EASTMAN.

THE CASTLE OF CLUN AND THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

West View, Hereford, 14 April, 1900.

SIR,—In the review of "Nooks and Corners of Shropshire" in SATURDAY REVIEW 7 April, objection is made to the statement that, after many "vicissitudes, the castle of Clun passed eventually to the present Duke of Norfolk, the author apparently being unaware that the Duke represents the Fitzalans."

Mr. Timmins is quite justified in speaking of the many "vicissitudes" to which the ownership of the castle has been subjected—as in the cases of Thomas the fourth Duke, who was beheaded in 1572, and his honours forfeited, and of his son Philip, who though retaining, in right of his mother, the feudal earldom of Arundel and baronies of Fitzalan and Clun, was attainted of high treason in 1590. Froude, in his savage attack on Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, represents him as obtaining from James the lordships of Clun, and many other estates, and appropriating the titles of Church Stoke and Knighton, which were however diverted to the foundation of the present Clun Hospital—I must not occupy space with further historical details—but, when I was appointed to the vicarage of Clun in 1867, I found the castle in a sad state of decay. It then belonged to a proprietor who lacked the means to keep it in repair.

In 1893, Mr. Langrishe, V.-P. of the Royal Society of Ireland, called on me to urge the necessity of taking immediate steps for its preservation—and recommending that it should be brought under the Act for Preservation of Ancient Buildings, &c.—"Is there nobody, Lord Powis, or some landlord, that would purchase it?" In joke, I replied: "There's only the Duke of Norfolk, one of whose titles is still 'Baron of Clun.'" The Duke had come to Clun, two years before, to see the restored church and a fine brass in memory of Sir Robert Howard, which Dr. Howard, of the College of Heralds, had persuaded me to have photographed by Griggs, of Peckham, and of which I sent a copy to the Duke of Norfolk. The Duke was greatly pleased with his hearty reception, and seemed desirous of resuming the long broken connexion. Two days after my remark, I was requested to sell some glebe, mixed up with the property of the castle owner, in order to sell the castle and its belongings to the Duke of Norfolk, who thus entered into the former possession of the Arundels and Fitzalans.

CHARLES WARNER,

Prebendary of Hereford.

THE PRICE OF PREJUDICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chelsea, 11 April, 1900.

SIR,—So far back as June last, when realising the "inevitableness" of the Boer revolt, I ventured to advocate the employment of a portion of our magnificent Indian army should hostilities eventuate, in order to crush at once the rebellion at its outset. Since then many things have happened. Thousands of British lives have been sacrificed, millions of pounds have been spent, and above all our Imperial prestige, with all that means, has been seriously impaired. And how serious the latter is we are now beginning to understand, seeing that the wholly hostile foreign Powers are waiting but a little more impairment to plunge us into a fearful war on the subject of intervention.

Most unhappily, as I think, my suggestion was received either with indifference or with acute opposition. With the exception of Lord Charles Beresford and a few other prominent people and some military men who knew both the character of the natives of India and also the conditions under which a conflict with the Boers would necessarily be waged, no one supported it. On the other hand many of the chief London dailies waxed eloquent in denouncing it, and did not scruple to prejudice the minds of their readers against their fellow subjects in India by playing upon the well-worn strings of religion, race, and colour. Nothing to-day is heard of all this, but a good deal is heard of the mistake we made in not employing the only possible portion of our Empire which was ready and fit to do the Empire's work well and quickly in South Africa. As one instance out of many I could quote of the remarkable change in public opinion on this subject it may be mentioned that the London paper which most bitterly opposed my suggestion recently published a paragraph saying that in one day it had received no less than seven hundred letters from correspondents on the subject.

Many months ago I pointed out in the public journals that at the commencement of hostilities with the Boers Great Britain was quite unprepared to send to South Africa either the numbers or the class of troops the local conditions necessitated, and that what was needed was a large and very mobile force consisting chiefly of cavalry, and of infantry accustomed to mountain warfare. I further showed that India was the one centre whence these troops could be expeditiously obtained, and that in India we maintained an army of some two hundred and twenty thousand highly-trained soldiers, eager for active employment, and intensely loyal to our Raj. Of that large army thirty thousand were Cavalry, eighteen thousand were Artillery and one hundred and sixty thousand were Infantry. Neither did these large numbers complete the tale of India's military resources, seeing that in addition to them should be reckoned the sixteen thousand wonderfully efficient Imperial Service troops, of whom eight thousand were Cavalry, and the thirty thousand Volunteers all of whom are passed as efficient and all of whom are mounted or could easily be. Now it must be remembered that a large proportion of the troops composing the native army of India is made up of the historic military races, and that the Sikhs are as unrivalled as cavalymen as are the Gurkhas as mountain fighters. Looking at these facts and figures it must be apparent that a force of say fifty thousand men might have been placed to guard our threatened possessions in South Africa without delay or difficulty and without in any way interfering with the military needs of India itself. And the presence of this force of ideal fighting factors, so perfectly fitted for the topographical conditions of the country and the nature of the Boer methods of warfare, would in all human probability have changed the whole course and duration of the campaign.

Apart from the military and pressing needs of the moment another question urged me first to take up this matter of the employment of native troops. Personally I regarded the recent Jubilee celebration as something more than a splendid pageant, something more even than a personal tribute to the worth and greatness of our beloved Sovereign. To me it symbolised above all things the solidarity of the British Empire for purposes.

of defence, and showed the world that should any hostile Power attack us it would have to meet, not Great Britain and her loyal but sparsely populated Colonies alone, but the whole weight and number of all the components that make up our Empire, regardless of race, colour and religion. And were the true meaning of the Jubilee once demonstrated to the world, as it could have been by the employment of the Indian native troops, the greatest of all peace factors would have been created.

Doubtless Peace Congresses will continue from time to time to assemble, and doubtless well-meaning but uninstructed fanatics will continue to fume about peace, and will by their amateur methods bring about war, but it is very unlikely human nature will change from what it was two thousand years ago when we received the only practical advice as to the best means of preserving peace: "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace." And it may be added that when the palace is kept by a man who is neither strong nor armed, his goods are pretty certain to be found, if found at all, in pieces.

Now when it is too late the cry is being raised for the employment of Indian troops in South Africa. Had we used their services at first when our Imperial prestige was unimpaired by disaster and defeat, the world would rightly have regarded our action as meaning that we did not look upon the Boers as worthy of our own steel. Now were we to call in their aid it would be taken that we were falling back upon our last reserves; besides which the moral effect in India would probably be far from good.—I am, faithfully yours,

F. GRENFELL BAKER.

"CRITICISM OR PRÉCIS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Garrick Club, 18 March, 1900.

SIR,—From the point of view of the author, there seems to be considerable ground of complaint against many of the so-called critics who write reviews of works of fiction, and as your Review is one that is always free from the style of criticism of which authors may complain, I should be glad to see the matter discussed in your columns.

If one person recommends a book to another, and then begins a narrative of the main incidents of the plot, will not the latter naturally at once exclaim, "Stop! Don't tell me about it, or it will spoil the story!" Yet that is exactly what is done by the class of critic to which I allude! To make a rough précis of a book, and then add a few commonplace words of praise or censure, is the refuge of the reviewer who is either lazy or incompetent. It is a truly easy and comfortable way of filling the allotted space and pocketing the corresponding guineas, but is it criticism, and is it fair? A leading journalist, the other day, talking to me on the subject, laid it down as an axiom "that no one read reviews of novels, and that it was usual to relegate the writing of them to an *intelligent niece*!"

I answer, if no one reads them, why write them at all; if they are written, why not have it done by some one, who, unlike the "intelligent niece" will be capable of hinting at the contents, only so far as will arouse the intending reader's interest, while at the same time giving him a just estimate of the literary style, and of the merits and demerits of the book. I venture to think that reviews are widely read in country circles as a guide for making out lists for the circulating libraries, and that consequently such reviews as I have described, and which are to be found in several of our leading daily and weekly papers, are a distinct grievance to authors, and tend to greatly handicap them in their endeavours to entertain the public. If, as I believe, reviews are widely read, and their guidance acted upon in the selection of books to be ordered, surely it is not too much to ask of our leading journals, that they should set to the fulfilment of the task—not the "intelligent niece," but someone really capable of directing the public taste into the best possible channel of literary excellence, and who will, at the same time, avoid the course which affords ground of just complaint from authors.—I remain, yours faithfully,

FREDERICK MARRYAT.

REVIEWS.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

"The Franco-German War, 1870-71." By Generals and other Officers who took part in the Campaign. Translated and edited by Majors-General J. F. Maurice, Commanding Woolwich District, Wilfred J. Long, Captain King's Royal Rifles, and A. Sonnenschein, Editor of "The British Fleet." London: Sonnenschein. 1900. 21s.

THIS book may truly be described as the outcome of an heroic effort on the part of the German nation once and for all to place on record a concise and connected account of the Great War of 1870-71. In so far as is possible in a work of such magnitude and such complexity, it may be freely conceded that this effort has met with success. For huge as is the volume before us, it is a mere nothing as compared with that detestably dull, pedantic and not always veracious work, known to and abhorred by military students as the "Official Account." It is unnecessary to discuss the utility of the latter from the point of the civilian reader for such a *rara avis* has yet to be found. But as regards military men, it can safely be said that beyond a few fanatics who have literally made that stupendous work their Koran, it has never found favour with even the most studious of soldiers. That it has been carefully read by many such is undeniable, but it has ever been viewed much as is some peculiarly unpleasant physic, prescribed as the only specific for some ailment—in this case—as a panacea for staff-employ. It is not a little disquieting to have it on record that many of the most level-headed of our soldiers entertain grave doubts as to the qualifications of the military physicians who for years have endeavoured to force this deadly German compound down the throats of our Staff officers in embryo. For it is yet a very open question whether the Staff College training largely based as it has been for over a quarter of a century on the facts and fictions of the war of 1870-71 has resulted in the production of abnormally successful generals or of sensible and practical Staff officers.

When considering the possible benefits to be derived from an exhaustive study of the war, it is well to bear in mind that some of those who are admittedly unrivalled in its knowledge have never shown any aptitude for practical soldiering. Also that many most able German officers openly assert that they attach little importance to it as a means of acquiring a knowledge of tactics and further express unfeigned astonishment at the extraordinary diligence with which a certain select band of British enthusiasts continue to study it. Indeed, the futility of the efforts of those who seek to acquire military proficiency by an exhaustive study of "official accounts" and wearisome pilgrimages to the sites of battles are admirably described by General Hans von Kretschman in Chapter XI. dealing with the campaign of Le Mans, as follows: "A military student who visits the battlefield of Le Mans, with compass and map and graduated rule in hand, intending to study according to the book the employment of troops in the open field, will probably shake his head in perplexity . . . and will shut his text books and put away his compass and rule, for he stands face to face with forces that baffle all theory."

The value of the work is mainly historical and although of course many valuable "general principles" of strategy and tactics may be gathered from its pages it is as well to caution the uninitiated that there is little to be learnt in it which will be of tactical value in the battlefield of the future and for the reasons that both the tactics and weapons of the year 1870 are as hopelessly out of date nowadays as are those of Queen Anne. Thus the famous German Artillery, which produced such astonishing results in 1870, would now only provoke a smile if brought into the field. It seems incredible to us, who daily read about our 15-pounder Field Artillery with its accurately fused time-shrapnel, being "outclassed" by the Boer guns, to read of the German Horse Artillery 4-pounders and Field Artillery 8-pounders, giving nothing but ordinary shell with per-

cussion-fuzes, being "deadly weapons." A single Vickers-Maxim Q. F. 12-pounder (such as the H.A.C. have recently taken out) would annihilate a whole battery of such obsolete pop-guns. Also the celebrated Prussian needle-gun was of little account at over 500 yards and its trajectory even at that range was of the rocket-type. What the present German weapon—the Mauser—can do is tolerably well known to a large number of British soldiers. Another point as to which all pre-existing ideas have recently been completely altered is that of relative losses in battle. In 1870, the average German losses were one officer to twenty men and yet we read on page 79 that "Death had reaped its awful harvest amongst our officers, this was the persistent feature throughout our great war, from the first to the last." Our recent experiences in South Africa have unfortunately taught us that with modern rifles, unless the officers' dress be assimilated to the men's, the chances are that few officers will escape at all!

A lesson which our authorities might well take to heart is that to which attention is lucidly drawn in Chapter V. It would appear that in 1859, after the victories of Magenta and Solferino, "the superiority of the French Army was freely and unconditionally admitted and *petty minds* thought that the sure way to perfection was to imitate the French even in the most superficial details." It was Prince Frederick Charles who, quickly realising the national danger of "this paralysing state of things," protested against it in his celebrated "Military Memoir." It would be well if in our army, some good and true man would arise and enlist public opinion on the side of common sense and the practical, and thus check the ludicrous process of Germanising our army that has been so rampant of late years. The innumerable portraits of German generals of 1870-71 which are to be found in the pages of this book are admirable proofs of this spirit. In them we see the shoulder cords, high collars and double-breasted coats and hideous "Salvation Army" caps recently adopted into our service by way of an "army reform"!

Viewing the book from an historic point, one misses certain familiar landmarks which, if we remember that the story is made in Germany, is perhaps not astonishing. Thus we can find no definite account of Steinmetz's losses due to his headlong attack and disastrous failure on the morning of Gravelotte, nor is there any allusion to the panic which seized some of his shattered forces, although we read how some sutlers and other non-combatants beat a hasty retreat! Again the ghastly blunders of the two divisions of the Corps of Guards are dealt with in a light and pleasing manner, no specific mention of the losses of so many thousands in so many minutes being permitted to cause any heart-searchings on the part of the German reader or raise disagreeable doubts in his mind as to the infallibility of the national leaders of 1870-71.

The terrible scenes of the concluding days of the siege of Metz are graphically rendered, as also the restoration of that fortress to its rightful owners just three centuries after that "act of unpardonable treachery by which it was originally seized by France." Equal emphasis is laid on the surrender of Strasburg, and rightly so, for many people to this day talk loosely about the grave error of Bismarck in tearing two provinces from France. The German comment on their entry into Strasburg puts the true state of affairs in a nutshell. "Thus, on the anniversary of the day when nearly two centuries before, the French had stolen the ancient Imperial city in the midst of peace, the Germans held solemn entry into Strasburg regained."

Throughout the book one is torn by conflicting emotions; admiration of the gallant manner in which the French Imperial Army, both officers and men and more especially the cavalry, freely laid down their lives in a hopeless struggle against superior numbers and training, and contempt for a nation which could in such a supreme moment of its history descend to such puerilities as from time to time are recorded. Thus the pettiness of the Parisians who sought to detract from the effect of the German entry into Paris by digging a hole under the Arc de Triomphe so as to

prevent the victors passing under the archway is the act of a passionate child.

Of peculiar interest to all Englishmen nowadays is Chapter XIII. dealing with the Guerilla Warfare in rear of the German Army. With the almost certain prospect of having ourselves to face this peculiar phase of war as soon as the main armies of the Boers have been dispersed, the German methods adopted to crush such an intolerable state of affairs are worthy of study. We read that a German piquet of eleven dragoons, having been treacherously attacked whilst resting in a farm by franc-tireurs, "the parish of Launois had to pay a fine of 10,000 francs (£400) to the families of the murdered dragoons and the farm that was the scene of the outrage was burnt down. Six of the franc-tireurs were court-martialled and shot." This may be commended to the attention of our military authorities in South Africa, in regions where several very similar acts of treachery have been reported.

Certain details are not always correct, thus the quota of horse-artillery batteries to the 5th German Cavalry Division is given as two on page 134 and as four on page 138, doubtless the latter is correct.

We must enter a protest against the taste of the translators in exhibiting an extremely painful picture of the Emperor Napoleon which appears on page 376. It has no connexion with the letterpress since the catastrophe of Sedan is described fully one hundred pages earlier in the volume. Such a portrait can only afford gratification to the few who may take a morbid and loathsome pleasure in realising the acute bodily suffering as well as the mental anguish of the unfortunate prince and cannot fail to be thoroughly distasteful to all others.

MANUALS OF ARCHÆOLOGY.

- (1) "The Roman Festivals of the Time of the Republic." By W. Warde Fowler, Sub-Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. 6s.
- (2) "Greek and Roman Coins." By G. F. Hill, British Museum. 9s.
London: Macmillan. 1899.

IF the later volumes of Professor Percy Gardner's series of manuals of archæology maintain the high level of excellence which is displayed in these the first two parts which have come under our notice, they will strengthen the study of classical antiquities in England more than any set of books which have appeared during the present generation. There have been a number of admirable monographs written of late years such as Frazer's "The Golden Bough," Farnell's "Cults of the Greek States" or Head's "Historia Nummorum;" but no systematic attempt has been made to grapple with archæology as a whole, and to provide the student with an easily accessible set of volumes in which he can look up any point that puzzles him. The "Dictionary of Antiquities," which Dr. Smith produced thirty years ago, has been re-edited, it is true: but its bulk is too small, and even the new edition is by no means up to the standard of the latest modern research. It looks as if Professor Gardner were about to provide us with the collection of facts for which we have long been waiting, and to relieve us of the necessity of having constant reference to the Germans.

Of the two volumes which lie before us Mr. Warde Fowler's "Roman Festivals" deals with the less-known subject. To most readers it will have all the charm of novelty, for though we have some monographs on various sides of Roman religion, this particular one has been much neglected. The majority of students would have to confess that they know nothing more of it than can be gathered from a casual perusal of Ovid's "Fasti"—a work which does not tempt many to open it a second time. Aware though we may be of the astonishing archaisms and eccentricities of the Roman worship, we find ourselves even more astounded than we expected to be, when we glance at the details of these strange ceremonies. Many of them seem worthier of Australian savages than of the masters of the ancient world. Let us take for example the festival of the Lemuria, which falls in the middle of May.

"The paterfamilias rises at midnight, and with bared feet and washed hands, making a peculiar sign with

his fingers and thumbs to keep off the ghosts, he walks through the house. He has black beans in his mouth and these he spits out as he walks, looking the other way, and saying 'With these I redeem me and mine.' Nine times he says this without looking round. The ghosts come behind him, and gather up the beans unseen. He proceeds to wash again, and to make a noise with brass vessels: then after repeating nine times the formula 'Manes exite paterni' he at last looks round and the ceremony is over."

Why beans were used in this strange ceremony, and how "lemures" are differentiated from "larvæ" and "manes" and bogies in general, Mr. Fowler then proceeds to explain. There are several other festivals quite as odd in their details as this particular midnight perambulation.

Summing up the character of the chief Roman feasts the author finds three strata superimposed the one upon the other. Not a few are survivals from the blackest savagery of primitive eld "when men dwelt on forest or hill-top, surrounded by a world of spirits, some of which had taken habitation in, or were in some sort represented by, trees stones or animals." The wild inhabitant of the Italian highlands aspired to nothing more than to propitiate these powers of the earth or air by charms and spells without moral meaning. Next we have a stage where the settled life of the farm and the family has been developed, and where men reverence Vesta, the hearth-spirit, or the numerous deities of pastoral and agricultural industry. Each has to be duly propitiated by his own festival, Ambarvalia, Robigalia, Vinalia, Consualia, and so forth. Lastly, after family worship has reached a high stage of evolution, we come to a time when festivals of the State are added to those of the household. We arrive at the conception of political as opposed to family unity in the celebration of the Fornicalia by the Curiae, or the worship of the Lares Præstites, who were the guardian spirits of the whole community, just as the Lares Domestici were of the individual home. For centuries the Roman went on practising the senseless formulae of the days of savagery with as much reverence and care as he devoted to the observance of the feasts that had a clear and obvious political meaning. It was only under the solvent influence of Greek thought that he finally began to be ashamed of his ancestral moppings and mowings, and finally let them drop into that obscurity from which Ovid strove in vain to drag them. The poet, facile though he was, and much as time hung on his hands at Tomi, had never the heart to finish the grotesque task which he had taken in hand.

Mr. Hill's little work on Greek and Roman coins may be described as a careful epitome of Dr. Head's large "Historia Nummorum," with certain alterations and additions necessitated by the discoveries of the last few years. It is especially good on the commercial side of numismatics, the development of weights and measures, the history of metals and alloys, and the methods of machinery and coining. The reader should note the illustrations of the interior of an ancient Roman mint, reproduced from a wall-painting at Pompeii discovered only a few years ago. Hitherto this interesting representation was only accessible in the "Numismatic Chronicle," a periodical which is not taken in by as many archaeologists as might be expected. We presume that the large amount of matter on English and Oriental issues which it contains has frightened away classical scholars. We note that Mr. Hill refuses to commit himself as to the date of Pheidon of Argos, and his reputed institution of a coinage for European Greece. He very rightly quotes the strange passage in Herodotus which, if taken seriously, would seem to drag down Pheidon's date to the sixth century. But we think that few historians would insist upon this story as furnishing any reason for rejecting the earlier date (perhaps the 28th Olympiad) which is usually assigned to the great Argive monarch.

A word of praise should be spared for the fifteen beautiful plates of illustrations which appear at the end of this book. They are admirably chosen, and splendidly executed. If they add a little to the price of the manual—nine shillings as against the six which Mr. Warde Fowler's volume costs—the difference is amply justified by the artistic beauty of the illustrations.

HAPPY WILD ANIMALS.

"Life among Wild Beasts in the Zoo," being a continuation of "Wild Animals in Captivity." By A. D. Bartlett. Edited by Edward Bartlett. London: Chapman and Hall. 1900. 7s. 6d.

WE are always advancing. It used to be thought that wild animals taken from their natural state of liberty and confined under such conditions as made it impossible for them to exercise any of those activities for which they had been fitted by nature must be wretched to the extent of their capacity for sensation. This, it was argued, would be in proportion to their power of enjoyment, since all things are relative; therefore their wretchedness would be to them as great as our own would be to us under similar circumstances. Some indeed said greater, maintaining that if the sufferings of homo sapiens shut up in prison without his club or the newspapers would be beyond anything that a beast could rise to, yet, on the other hand, those of a wild beast condemned to physical inertia would exceed man's sufferings in the degree in which the physical energy of most wild beasts exceeds the mental energy of most men. "Surely," said these ingenious reasoners, "imprisonment would be more cruel to the schoolboy than to the man of forty and as is the schoolboy, in this relation, to the man of forty, so is the soaring eagle or the bounding antelope to the schoolboy." Having settled these points to their own satisfaction, our humanitarians of but yesterday went on to compare the quality of such imprisonment as, in the present age and amongst civilised peoples, is meted out to men with that of which many beasts are the recipients. Here, of course, it was easy to show that, as the Bastille had been burnt down and never rebuilt and the ingenious non-rest-permitting cages, invented and during eleven years personally tested by Cardinal Balue, had dropped out of fashion, no human prisoners are, at present, quite so badly off as various creatures now suffering a life-long incarceration in the Gardens or, as they themselves would probably say, in the dungeons, of the Zoological Society.

For people with these ideas it would have been hardly possible to read a work dealing, however pleasantly and instructively, with wild beasts kept in confinement without having their pleasure saddened and their interest dulled by the thought of the dreary, pleasureless existences of those to whom it owed its origin. To know, for instance, that a penguin figuring in two full-page illustrations was the identical bird kept constantly breathing in a wooden box not two feet square or in a wire cage of but slightly more luxurious dimensions, to know that puffins, shags, cormorants and African darters were housed in similar fashion, that birds of prey—some of them nearly as large as an eagle—were sealed up in dens which an umbrella would cover, that wild cats and caracals approaching to the size of a poodle, paced or tried to pace in meat safes hardly larger than themselves, and that the largest species of kangaroo could in a single bound which he might never make, clear the whole range of sheds of which his was one, to know all this and much besides of a like nature could not but give pain to anyone not possessing some further knowledge.

Happily we do now possess it. It has lately been discovered that, no matter how severe the imprisonment of any animal may be, the instant a certain metal plate bearing its name with date of exile, distinction of sex, &c. is affixed to the railings, that animal becomes, "ipso facto," happy. That simple process effects everything. Let but a learned or quasi-learned society of interested gentlemen put up this talisman over three or four or six or twelve feet of wood and iron and introduce into it one or two or three or eight feet of live wild beast, and the latter is instantly reconciled and, in fact, more contented than if it had never been put there. The discovery, though startling, was not wholly unforeshadowed. It had, indeed, long been suspected that some occult power resided in the plates in question inasmuch as the favoured body possessing them had long, and, as it seemed, miraculously, escaped that resentment which would have fallen upon any ordinary member of the public who had subjected

animals to similar treatment. A private gentleman, for instance, who should keep a wapiti deer in his back yard or an antelope in his stable might suffer in the opinion of an enlightened community. But at the Gardens and with plate affixed it was all in order and excited no comment. But no one had ever imagined that the virtue emanating from the metal surface extended backwards to the animals as well as forwards over the crowd. Now that this has been established, some important results should follow. The voice of those who have long cried out for fewer animals with more space for them to move in will be silenced. There will be no more demands for a penguin house with a tank as large as a swimming bath, without cages along its edge and with free right of ingress and egress for the bathers, for a parrot house that should be more like a bit of tropical forest with parrots flying about in it and less like a bird-dealer's shop on a larger scale, for a meadow for the kangaroos, for a canal with an artificial rockery (as in Cologne) for the seals, and for a hospital nurse for the chimpanzees who are brought over to die as a matter of course. Such clamours will now cease or even be turned into a cry for still smaller cages which, under the circumstances, would be a good deal more reasonable. After all, the true object that should be striven after in a collection of captive wild animals is not to gain a knowledge of their nature and habits by giving them facilities for the display of these, but to make the collection as large as possible. Ten creatures that teach little or nothing are better than one that might afford us an education—so long as the ten are happy. We know now that they are. This then is an advantage that may yet arise from the discovery we have drawn attention to. One that has already arisen is that we can read a book like that before us with a pleasure which is undisturbed and that when at page 321 we come upon the question "What is cruelty?" we can evade it pleasantly whilst saying to ourselves, "Not, at any rate, the keeping penguins in small boxes, ibexes in small sheds, wapiti in small quadrangles and wild cats in meat safes."

A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY VIRAGO.

"Beatrice d'Este, Duchess of Milan: a Study of the Renaissance." By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Henry Ady). London: Dent. 1899. 15s. net.

UPON the third evening of those discussions in the Urbino Palace which Castiglione has immortalised, Gaspare Pallavicino propounded the atrocious doctrine that if Nature could, she would produce men only; but being occasionally at fault, she turns out sometimes cripples and sometimes women. Mrs. Ady may have had this passage in her mind when she undertook the present work. At any rate she has adopted the best of all possible means for destroying the heresy of Pallavicino and, taking the short life of one noble lady of the Renaissance, she shows her to us good and faithful, gay and liberal; not only the light of her husband's eyes, as often as he could forget his mistresses, but a true helper in his policy, tortuous and fatal though it was, in a degree which one likes to think she did not understand. Beatrice d'Este was the lady; and her lord was Ludovic Sforza, named "Il Moro," sometime Duke of Milan, the man who cut the dykes and let ruin in on Italy.

It is a very charming picture which Mrs. Ady draws of the life of the young duchess, scarcely sixteen when she was handed over to the keeping of a husband twenty-three years older, and the deepest schemer in all Italy. Her best friends might well have doubted how the child would fare in the hands of a prince who married only in the hope that, having sons, he might the more easily maintain the power usurped from his nephew, whose wife some months earlier had borne an heir. But Beatrice, by the sheer attraction of her beauty and good sense, won the love of the wily, superstitious prince. She laughed and jested with him, rode with him on his hunting expeditions, showing the courage of a man, and that a stout-hearted one, in face of danger. She had a fine native taste in art, which was Ludovic's passion; she, a woman not yet twenty, supported her husband's policy before the Signory of

Venice—unsuccessfully, it is true, but yet with courage and address. She was indeed a "virago," in the honourable mediæval sense of the word—a woman, as Gregorovius defines it, raised by courage and understanding above the level of her sex. Her husband prospered while she lived, with that prosperity which is like the flourishing of the green bay tree, and the moment of her early death coincided with the commencement of his ruin.

So far one is grateful to Mrs. Ady for an agreeable account of a rich and varied life, which has delighted her as it must delight all those who study it. Had it been possible to detach this study from one of the most terrible political tragedies of all time, we might have laid down her book with unstinted praise. But unfortunately her admiration for Il Moro, as a patron of art and letters, has blinded her to the true nature of his policy; and, act by act, his treacheries are detailed without rebuke. It may be true, as is here pleaded, that the nephew whose throne Ludovic usurped grew up unfit to rule. It is equally true that Ludovic had sole charge of his breeding; and Bembo, acquainted with many men who knew the truth, declared roundly that Ludovic corrupted the lad's intelligence. Possibly Ludovic did not actually snuff out that flickering life at last; but the young Duke died at a moment so strikingly opportune for the uncle who had already filched his throne, that justice does not forbid speaking of the two matters in one breath. And the act by which he filched it! In what words is one to characterise the policy which brought from the Emperor a declaration branding as usurpers all his father's line? Few men could have stooped to buy a throne by denying their father's right to hold it. But the shame of these actions pales before the treachery to all Italy which brought the French through the passes of the Alps. Mrs. Ady pleads that it was not Ludovic who first dangled the rich bait of Naples before the young French king. That is true. The invasion had been schemed on one side of the mountains and dreaded on the other for many a year. But it was Ludovic who made it possible at last. The warder of Italy betrayed her; and Mrs. Ady will not clear him of the guilt by showing that he endowed monasteries and loved terra-cotta mouldings.

A HANDBOOK TO REMBRANDT.

"Rembrandt and his Work." By Malcolm Bell. London: Bell. 1899.

MR. BELL began his book as a number of the new series of small handbooks to Great Masters the first three of which we reviewed some time since. The book grew on his hands and it appears as a substantial volume handsomely illustrated by eighty photogravures and process-blocks after pictures and etchings. Drawings are omitted because they appeal only to artists and Mr. Bell wishes to address a more general public. The distinction is a little unreal, because any member of the general public who gains a real appreciation of Rembrandt will come to find some of his keenest pleasure in the drawings; indeed without them the full scope of the master's nature is imperfectly apprehended. But Mr. Bell was doubtless right to keep away from ground that he felt was doubtful for himself. The general public addressed also excludes the enthusiast and expert, Mr. Bell tells us, though his lists of paintings and drawings may prove convenient for them too.

That a treatise so addressed should be furnished with so full and exact an apparatus of lists points to a curious change in the temper of the public that concerns itself with art. The past generation took its pleasure in a more emotional and less informed cult of one artist or another. They borrowed from their literary prophets a state of feeling to be enjoyed before the paintings described. There was little immixture of the methods of science or history. The work of foreign historians and critics of art has changed the fashion, and they who occupy themselves with painting have less the air of worshippers attending the celebration of a cult, and more the air of semi-professional students. This change of atmosphere is

making itself felt in popular handbooks, those students demanding now, as a tribute to professional self-respect a thorough conspectus of the work of old masters, a suspicious scrutiny of the figures of their work, and above all an ample reproduction of the pictures, such as photography has rendered possible, so that the comparisons and criticisms may be followed with the facts before the eye. The old days of the eloquent description which made the picture almost superfluous are past. The new students have more joy over ninety and nine doubtful pictures that give room for discussion than over one safe masterpiece. Mr. Bell's volume is a typical example of the book that will meet this fashion. He tempers the old sentimental account of a painter (little echoes of Carlyle in its style) with as much of exact information as his readers will bear, and adds admirably full and well-arranged lists of paintings and etchings. The book will be used for reference as a summary of facts by many students who cannot afford to have all the original authorities on their shelves, and who will find here new particulars about changes of ownership and present locale of pictures.

We must not ask too much of a compiler who shows both industry and address, but we could wish that Mr. Bell, with his quickness, had grasped the profitable attitude to assume before a master so great as Rembrandt. There lingers too much on his pages of the futile regret that Rembrandt did not correct his taste by the Italian feeling for grace of form and feature. It is natural and easy to feel some shock of the ludicrous when Rembrandt enters on classic ground with plain and homely models. But how great a misunderstanding to regret it! The gaucherie here is the pledge that he will pursue his inspiration securely across the wrong subjects till he reaches his own unheard-of goal of humanity, pathos and beauty. It means he was not the dupe of a goal that was not his.

A FORGOTTEN WORTHY.

"The Right Hon. John Manners Marquis of Granby."
By Walter Evelyn Manners. London: Macmillan.
1899. 18s. net.

LORD CHATHAM, writing of the German campaigns of the Seven Years' War, said that "whoever feels for the honour of England must think himself a debtor to the Marquis of Granby." While Granby's contemporaries certainly paid their debt to the full, succeeding generations have ignored it. The signboards of a few country inns still perhaps stir a vague curiosity as to their original, but the majority of Englishmen associate Granby's name with old Weller and never knew that he thrice vanquished the armies of France and was one of the most brilliant cavalry officers we have ever produced.

All who are interested in the honourable traditions of our army and public life will be grateful to Mr. Manners for having resuscitated this lost reputation. Thereby he has done a service not only to his own family but also to Englishmen at large. There is really something more to remember about our campaigns in Germany of that time than the Convention of Klosterseven and the dubious conduct of Lord George Sackville at Minden. At that same battle of Minden where six of our infantry regiments put to flight forty battalions and sixty squadrons of De Broglie's army, the hesitation of Sackville to charge the retreating French alone saved them from total destruction. In his orders of the day the German commander declared that had Granby been in command of the cavalry "his presence would have greatly contributed to make the decision of the day more complete and more brilliant." That this was no mere utterance due to resentment against Sackville is shown by the fact that after he was superseded by Granby the latter on three occasions at least inflicted serious disasters on the enemy. At Warburg in 1760 he decided the day. At the head of the Blues he thrice broke the French lines. In the Hessian campaign of the next year he assisted by a brilliant series of manœuvres both in the advance of the allied forces and the retreat which followed. The retreat was entirely owing to the failure of the commissariat and lack of reinforcements. At the battle of Kirch-

denken in the following year, when the French lost 8,000 men, nine cannon, and eight pairs of colours, he proved himself, according to the testimony of all the allied generals, to be not only a dashing cavalry chief but also a General who had thoroughly mastered the business of his profession. At Wilhelmsthal in 1762, when three crack regiments of the French were captured with 170 officers, the whole success was due to Granby, for by the most brilliant disposition of his forces he succeeded in isolating this portion of the enemy's army. Add to this that he was personally the most kind-hearted of men, devoted to his troops and never tired of trying to alleviate their lot while campaigning, which in those days was never a happy one, and it is not difficult to understand why Granby was for some years the most popular man in England. Had he been allowed proper reinforcements and supplies his career would have been more effectual than it was. When he complained of the number and quality of his recruits the Commander-in-Chief replied that there were 270 men in Germany "more than complete," meaning that the King and War Office had fixed on a certain force as the maximum allowed for the German campaigns and no French reinforcements made any difference! With such principles at home what success of a startling character could be looked for abroad?

Granby's popularity on his return to England was made use of to prop a tottering Ministry. He never really liked or shone much in public life, though he managed to preserve unimpaired his character for integrity. Even Junius acquitted his heart at the expense of his head. His one great mistake was in voting for the expulsion of Wilkes, but by his subsequent conduct he retrieved himself. He is not the only man who has lost sight of a principle through dislike of its exponent. In the next year he returned to his former opinion, voted against the Government and resigned his post as Commander-in-Chief. There is no doubt that his action tended considerably to the ultimate retreat of the Government and the triumph of constitutional principles.

Granby predeceased his father, the third Duke of Rutland, in 1770 at the age of fifty. He has suffered among posterity owing to the contemptuous treatment which he has received at the hands of Horace Walpole, treatment which the author clearly shows to have been quite undeserved. He was an able, upright, unassuming man, one of the best and most characteristic products of our aristocracy. This volume throws some curious and interesting sidelights on the habits of the time and the characters of some notable men. We must also say a word for the excellent portraits it contains and the great industry displayed by the author.

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY.

"A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles."
Vol. V. IN-INFER. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.
1900. 5s.

OF the three thousand and more words included in the new double section of the Oxford English Dictionary, almost all are of Latin origin—as might be expected in words beginning with the letters IN—though there are a certain number in which the prefix IN is compounded with English roots, as inborn, income, indeed. "The only simple word of Old English age," Dr. Murray points out, "is inch, ultimately the Latin uncia, but possibly adopted in West Germanic before the English settlement in Britain, and hence treated in all respects as a native word. There are also the two Old English law-terms, inborgh and infangthief." Dr. Murray includes some non-European words, such as inca, induna, and indri, which do not appear to us to belong to the English language at all; but it is too late to quarrel with the canons adopted in the Dictionary—the subject was amply discussed years ago—and we have only to repeat that it is better to err on the side of too wide than too narrow a vocabulary. We do not want an Academic selection, and the student must learn to use the Dictionary with discrimination, not assuming that every word he finds there is necessarily good English. Nor need he assume that every word marked obsolete is to be avoided, any more than that

every word in modern use should be employed. For example, *inchaste*, which was used by Peele in 1599 (and surely more recently?), though styled obsolete, is a good word; quite as good as *incide*, which happens to have been rather pedantically employed by no great authority as late as 1855, and should properly be restricted to the science of optics. But no doubt every reader with a palate for style will taste words differently, and deplore the obsolescence or survival of different words. Probably no one will wish to revive that leviathan incircumscribability, which rivals honorificableness in its sinuous coils. On the other hand some will regret the obelus of obsolescence prefixed to the verbs *inaurate*, *inawe*, *incoop*, *increst*, and the like. The real lesson to be learned from this section of the Dictionary, however, is the loss which English would suffer if the efforts of the late Professor Freeman to ostracise Latin derivatives had proved in any large degree successful. What would poetry, or prose either, do without the sonorous dignity of such words as *incarnadine*, *incomparable*, *inextinguishable*? Turning over these pages is a study of the heavy-weights of literary combat. We cannot spare these rolling sesquipedalia verba from our vocabulary: the vital thing is that Telephus and Peleus shall know when they befit the subject and the scene. The pauper *et exsul* may be reduced to Teutonic monosyllables, but there are supreme and royal moments that call for the thunder of these noble Latin epithets—"the majestic inceding step" of the heroic Muse. Indeed the Historical English Dictionary itself deserves no meaner word than *incomparable*, and each part we welcome increases our sense of its incalculable value.

A ROYAL DODO.

"The Princess Sophia." By E. F. Benson. London: Heinemann. 1900. 6s.

MR. BENSON'S *Dodo* was perhaps amusing in her own vulgar way, but the monotony of her versatility soon exhausted our powers of finding amusement in her and we lived in hopes that she was now as extinct as her namesake. Mr. Benson is indeed a single-book novelist and he would have done well to rest upon the laurels which the vulgar have lavished upon him, instead of claiming fresh ones for the same old puppet rigged out in new tawdriness. He has evidently but one conception of a heroine: she must ride like a centaur, tell the truth, conceal her feelings or better still have very few to conceal, and talk the *Dodo* vernacular, which is little more than a salad of silliness, vulgarity and incoherency. This is the sort of thing: "An inconceivable man, *Blanche*—like a wet toad; and his wife beggars the imagination. She will wear a velvet dress like a sofa-cover, and a string of coral, rather short of beads, on black elastic round her neck. Her face will grow red and shiny during lunch, she will eat till a proper person would burst. . . . and I shall want to shake her till her coral necklace bursts and runs all over the floor. Give me a bun with sugar on the top." "Sophia started" when her father said he desired a grandson. "'A grandson!' she said. 'That will make me a mother. How very ridiculous!'" "I have signed my name so often during the last month that if I go on I shall get writer's cramp. What is writer's cramp, by the way?" "Well," she says to her husband, "I wanted to know your opinion. At the same time, if I had thought you would really disagree with me, I should not have asked you." To which he replies in the approved style, "I do not interfere with you, as you very well know, and I am, of course, powerless to prevent you going away when you wish." Again, "Sophia detested the man; with her habitual force of expression she had said that to be in the room with him was like having tea with a centipede."

All this was irritating enough in the mouth of a woman supposed to be a lady; in the mouth of a princess it jars still further upon our sense of fitness. This is, however, the keynote of a book. As for the incongruities and anachronisms, they might receive indulgence in an avowed farce, but they cry aloud for criticism here. The Princess Sophia reigned over Rhodopé (*sic*) in the fifties, yet we find her husband

talking of Whistler's symphony in green and her young son backing a horse for the Eclipse Stakes, she receives "four beautiful bicycles," an English colony introduces golf, there are Phoenix Park murderers in the Chamber of Horrors, and the favourite diversion is rubicón bezique. After this we can only be grateful that we have been spared the game of bridge. The author poses as an authority on gambling, with which he has evidently but a nodding acquaintance. The Princess is represented as the incarnation of the spirit of play and we are introduced to intricate descriptions of the incidents of various games of chance. These reach their acme of absurdity when we come to Monte Carlo and roulette. "Four times she staked a hundred napoleons on one number" (the maximum happens to be nine napoleons) "and, to crown all, backed the bank for the last hour," which must have required a considerable relaxation of all known rules. This is ignorant enough, but Mr. Benson seems further to imagine that the bank backs numbers on its own account, that the limit is 100 napoleons on a half-dozen, that there are only thirty-two numbers and that they are arranged in the cylinder according to their numerical order. "At last the ball began to slow down; it crept through one to sixteen, crawled through sixteen to thirty-two, wavered over zero, and settled into number one." As zero is situated between 26 and 32, and number one is at the very opposite side of the cylinder, this feat can only be described as unusual. Mr. Benson cannot even calculate ordinary odds properly and when he goes on to devise a new form of roulette, which an old croupier acclaims as "the greatest gamble conceivable," he reaches the uttermost confines of silliness. The ethics of gambling are gone into as ambitiously and no less impotently. It is surely a commonplace that a beau joueur does not display his emotions, but Mr. Benson's ideals are obliged to wear dominoes and gloves to conceal the twitching of their muscles, and when they stake upon a single number, as everybody does every day at Monte Carlo, they are held up as astounding examples of recklessness.

For the rest, there are one or two amusing touches descriptive of Sophia's childhood, but the narrative as a whole is intensely tedious. The account of a plot which failed is particularly jejune and reads like a caricature of the sort of thing with which half our contemporary fiction has teemed for many years. Yet the author seems unduly proud of it. His style is often slipshod, his events are inartistically welded, and we have no congratulations for such gibberish as "swathes" and "sedulity" or for such an abortive epigram as "The Château Vryssi (1832) was less sweet, though dryer, than the vintage of his thoughts." If it was less sweet, the odds are that it was probably dryer. In conclusion we can only apply to Mr. Benson's novel-writing a little phrase from that environment, which he describes so laboriously and at the same time so ill: "*Rien ne va plus*."

FOUR NOVELS.

"The Kings of the East: a Romance of the Near Future." By Sydney C. Grier. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1900. 6s.

Miss Grier is tempting fortune in following out the history of her imaginary persons. Trollope's *Barsetshire* squires and parsons meet the reader in many loosely connected novels, but each novel explains itself, whereas we doubt whether "The Kings of the East" will be quite intelligible to those who have not read "An Uncrowned King" and "A Crowned Queen." The method, of course, rests upon the assumption that the characters are worth meeting again, and we believe that Queen Ernestine of Thracia and Count Mortimer will pass this test. This latest volume of what is at present a trilogy—we note that a loophole is left for a sequel—treats of an attempt to reduce Zionism to practical politics: Mortimer, treated by the Thracians with ingratitude, lends his services to the foundation of a Jewish state in Palestine. The book is perhaps the best of the three. Unhappily few novel-readers take the trouble to remember the books of yesterday. The most notable feature

in Miss Grier's work is a fine scholarship. She treats with apparent ease difficult diplomatic situations, she makes no mistakes, in writing either of international politics or of life in seventeenth or eighteenth century India. Yet one has the feeling that laboriously won knowledge, rather than intuition, is behind her work. Thus the career of Lady Hester Stanhope has obviously suggested a striking situation in the present book, and yet the situation is so well handled that the careless reader will not suspect the existence of "documents." "The Kings of the East" should win the somewhat rare distinction of interesting the public by careful work. It is dramatic in the best sense.

"The White Terror." Translated from the Provençal of Félix Gras by Catharine A. Janvier. London: Heinemann. 1900. 6s.

M. Félix Gras, endued with all the warm enthusiasm and poetic fervour of the Provençal, has in "The White Terror" brought once more before us a somewhat dramatic and moving picture of what may be called the third period of the French Revolution. The prologue with which the volume opens gives a very quaint picture of French schoolboy life, a hundred and more years ago, forming a strong contrast to the lurid pictures which follow of the heaped-up miseries of the nation when the reaction of feeling took place, and when the Royalists under their white banners, avenged those who had perished under the "Reds." The volume is full of incident, but fails to arouse any deep interest. There are some charming little touches of French peasant life, of priestly self-sacrifice, and of personal devotion on the part of a community of simple-minded nuns. The book, however, as a whole leaves a sense of incompleteness and confusion.

"Christalla." By Esmé Stuart. London. Methuen. 1900. 6s.

Christalla is described on the title-page as "an unknown quantity." She is a delicious and engaging old maid, eleven years of age. She comes like a shrapnel shell into the lives of a cultured old cousin and his friend, slightly conventional figures both, if amiable. A rather tedious and irrelevant small boy is brought in for the purpose of making himself generally pathetic: but he dies, on p. 244, apostrophising the angels, and the field is left to Christalla, who winds up the book by growing up and taking a first-class at Cambridge. Her adventures are distinctly entertaining.

"The Laird's Wooing." By J. Gordon Phillips. London: Unwin. 1899. 6s.

An achievement which only reaches mediocrity is naturally something of a disappointment to the author. Still many people might hesitate to make mediocrity impossible by being superlatively stupid. Not so the perpetrator of "A Laird's Wooing." It is melodrama run mad, à la kail-yard. The haughty baronet, the lowly maiden, and the villain, mingle in quite a riot of abduction and murders. We are taken to a world where the men-folk swear by "the Stone of Cloch-na-Ben" and in "the name of Ossian," where the peasants are spoken of as "serfs;" and honest farmers incontinently bundled into dungeons. The matter of the novel is not pleasant and the manner is unique.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Unbeaten Tracks in Japan." By Mrs. J. F. Bishop (Isabella L. Bird). New edition. London: Newnes. 1900. 6s. 6d.

Mrs. Bishop lived among the Japanese for some months in 1878, and her experiences differed widely from those of the average tourist, who seldom sees the real Japan. She saw much of the aborigines of Yezo, and was the first lady to venture far from the well-beaten tracks. Her accuracy and breadth of observation were conspicuous, and she rendered an immense service to thousands of interested readers by her scrupulous attention to detail. Knowing her capabilities, it was not unreasonable to expect from her an unbiassed opinion regarding the progress that Japan had made during her absence from its shores, and the result fulfils all anticipations. Her preface to this new edition is a remarkably vivid presentment of Japan as it now is. The land rings, as she says, with the clang of new industrial undertakings, factories are springing up on all sides, Osaka smokes like Manchester,

wages are rising, and the rural population is drifting towards the great commercial centres. The native press is already a power, the old treaties under which the nation chafed have given place to new, a strong military spirit has seized upon the masses, and the Government, by increasing its armaments, is preparing for eventualities. But the glowing patriotism which insists, among other things, that it shall be "Japan for the Japanese," the universal devotion to the Emperor, reverence for ancestors, charming courtesy, love of nature, and all the characteristics that long ago made Japan a land of surpassing interest to visitors, remain unaltered or perhaps are intensified. The cry of *Tei-koku Banzai*—May the Empire flourish for ever!—aptly expresses Japanese feeling, and all classes work together to that end in thoroughness and harmony. The origin of all the material progress that has been recorded in Dai Nihon, during the era of Meiji, is to be traced in the disposition towards advancement of the people themselves. They are not to be discouraged or turned back, and Mrs. Bishop's earlier travels among them afforded her many proofs of this steadfastness of purpose. That it will bear them onward to yet more substantial triumphs, is the firm conviction of all who know Japan.

"Child Life in Colonial Days." By Alice Morse Earle. London and New York: Macmillan. 1899. 8s. 6d. net.

Mrs. Earle by study which must have been equally diligent and patient has got together much entertaining and instructive matter concerning the little ones of early days in the American colonies. Child-life is strangely neglected in history. "The ancients," says Mrs. Earle, "made no record of the life of young children; classic Rome furnishes no data for child study; the Greeks left no child forms in art." What such a record might yield Mrs. Earle herself has amply proved in the present volume. Her researches suggest that as the poor and the middle class were up to the middle of the eighteenth century better off in the American colonies than in England, so children enjoyed more consideration there than at home. The colonial laws plainly show, she says, that child-life was valued more highly and "the child responded to this regard of him by a growing sense of his own importance." How far that is a tribute to the excellence of the colonial system must be matter of opinion. Some of the plates in the book are curious.

"An Introduction to the Study of Central Station Electricity Supply." By Albert Gay and C. H. Yeaman. London: Whittaker. 1899.

This is a severely practical book intended for those already in possession of the scientific knowledge on which is based the industry of the production and distribution of electric energy, and it may be said that the more completely the reader is acquainted with the science, the greater will be the value of the book to him; there is absolutely no waste of space in definitions, or explanations, at the same time the mere practical man who has a workshop acquaintance with these matters, as distinguished from a laboratory knowledge of them, will be able to get from the book much useful information on the details of technical practice. Peculiar interest attaches to the book as the work of municipal servants. The question of the desirability of municipal undertakings will ultimately be decided by their success or failure, and if the local authorities know how to get and retain good men at reasonable cost the principle of municipal ownership will be permanently established. The Islington Vestry is to be congratulated on its achievement in this respect.

"The Worshipper of the Image." By Richard Le Gallienne. London: Lane. 1900.

Rarely indeed do we meet with a work of so striking a distinctive quality as this, a curious pretentious cheapness. The writer fondly sub-entitles it "A Tragic Fairy-tale:" it is not tragic, and it is not a fairy-tale; it is merely a cheap story of a cheap person who does cheap things to an accompaniment of cheap blither; and it is told in that cheap fine language the pretentiousness of which is even more irritating than the slovenliness of the hasty hack. This is the kind of sorry stuff: "He held the beetle in his hand a long while, loving it. Then he said to himself, with a smile in which was the delight of a success: 'A vase-shaped beetle with deer's horns.' The phrase delighted him. He set the insect down on the path, tenderly. He had carved it in seven words." We believe that the "cultured" but uneducated suburban woman, for whom this sorry stuff is written, calls it "poetic fancy."

"An Echo of Greek Song." Englished by W. H. D. Rouse. London: Dent. 1899. 3s. 6d. net.

These are light echoes of light song, mostly from the Anthology, and to turn them over might give an English reader a very fair notion of Greek sprightliness and versatility. Some of the rhythms are rather formless, but the author has nevertheless an ear for the proper ring of a couplet:—

"So from the rich fruit of the threshing-floor
Me the four seasons crown with garlands four."

The volume ends with a translation into Scotch dialect of the

Rhodian folk-song about the swallow—"black i' the back and white i' the wame."

Émile Zola's article on "War" is the chief contribution to the April issue of the "North American Review." He hates the idea of war; its massacres exasperate him and appear to him a useless atrocity. Yet he does not deny that "the martial ideal" is "grandly poetic." He looks to the democratic and socialist propaganda to ultimately abolish war, and he claims that the salvation of France will lie in the abandonment of her present military ambitions. There need be no fear that the Republic will attempt a new Napoleon rôle. "If France were to hypnotise herself into the hope of European conquest she would be irrevocably, irretrievably lost." M. Zola is somewhat terrified lest England should adopt conscription and turn the British Isles into a camp on the lines of other European countries. He trembles at the mere thought that the United States on the one hand and Great Britain on the other might arm all their male citizens. But he is not pessimistic; he thinks the present crisis will be war's death cry. "It is war killing war." M. Zola's sympathies are with the Boers, but only because he idealises them into a small nation rightly struggling to escape the tyranny of a big one.

We have received the April number of the "Women's Trades Union Review." There is a good deal in it well worth the attention of those who concern themselves with labour subjects; and all should do that. It would be a gain if this periodical pamphlet were to adopt a less truculent and more judicial tone. Its style of writing is an unsuccessful imitation of the smartness of second-class journalism. Why does Miss Gertrude Tucknell thus go out of her way to cloak virtues which no journalist can boast with the vice which no journalist escapes?

SOME SCHOOL BOOKS.

Blackwood's Classical Texts:—"Virgil, Georgics IV." Edited by John Sargeant. 1s. 6d.
Blackie's Latin Series:—"Horace, Odes IV." By Stephen Gwynn. "Tacitus—Agricola." By W. C. F. Walters. 1s. 6d. each.
Bell's Illustrated Classics:—"Horace, Odes I." By C. G. Botting. "Virgil, Æneid II." By L. B. Wainwright. "Virgil, Æneid IV." By A. S. Warman. "Cæsar, B. G. III." By F. H. Colson and G. M. Gwyther. "Livy XXI." By F. E. A. Frazer. 1s. 6d. each.

The chief fault of these books is that they seem to do too much for the pupils. It is doubtful whether the addition of a separate vocabulary is without disadvantages. A boy should learn how to pick and choose his way about a dictionary. A vocabulary either gives the exact meanings for the passage or more often the ordinary meaning which does not suit. Thus in one of the books before us on consulting the vocabulary on "postquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit," we find "deceive" given for both decipio and fallo. Such help is worse than useless. These books are illustrated with reproductions of ancient art. The idea of thus visualising the pupil's impression is excellent, but we fear the average boy would not be able to resist the temptation to put the illustrated statuary into topboots and billycocks. The edition of the "Fourth Georgic" contains a clear and satisfactory introduction. There is also a scholarly appendix on "Virgilianisms." The introduction to the fourth book of the "Odes" has a capital sketch of Horace's life. The editor most wisely gives his references in full from the poet's writings. Therein he shows an insight into boy's nature, far above the ordinary purveyor of school books. The "Agricola" would be all the better for a short account of the noticeable points in Tacitus' style with some explanation of the literary influences to which his mannerisms are due. The appendix on style given in the book hardly serves this purpose. On the other hand the hints on translation seem somewhat superfluous for a pupil who is able to read Tacitus.

Of Messrs. Bell's Illustrated Classics "Horace, Odes I." is well done. The edition of the "Second Æneid" seems exactly to hit the level at which it aims. In "Æneid IV." the notes on the difficult passage about "fauna" are equally judicious and helpful. The life of Cæsar and the excursus on the Roman army are highly to be commended in the edition of the "Third Book of the Gallic War." The edition of "Livy XXI." is noticeable for its discussion of readings which is well within the compass of the beginner.

"A Manual of Zoology." By T. J. Parker and W. A. Haswell. London: Macmillan. 1899. 10s. 6d.

Messrs. Macmillan have added to their long list of manuals for students a volume on zoology which in no wise falls short of the high standard set by the rest of the series. Zoology is such a large subject that a comprehensive synopsis of the whole would have entailed a very superficial treatment of many parts on which it is advisable to concentrate the attention of beginners. The difficulty has been met by omitting descriptions of extinct groups and dealing only briefly with embryology as well as sundry out-of-the-way classes of existing animals.

The loss in completeness is more than compensated by the gain in thoroughness with which the more familiar representatives of the large phyla are treated.

"A First Book in Organic Evolution." By D. Kerfoot Shute. London: Kegan Paul. 1899. 7s. 6d. net.

Dr. Shute has compiled a very useful handbook on Evolution. It makes no great pretence to originality, but gives a very clear and concise presentment of the theory including the important divergence of opinion on the question of heredity between the Darwinians and the followers of Weismann. Unlike many "evolutionary" philosophers Dr. Shute does not believe that materialism is the conclusion of the whole matter. The diagrams and illustrations with which it is interleaved are admirable. There is a good "working" bibliography.

"Co-ordinate Geometry." Part II.: The Conic. By J. H. Grace and F. Rosenberg. London: Clive. 1899. 4s. 6d.

A continuation of the treatise on the straight line and circle by Briggs and Bryan. A book more for the solitary student wrestling with mathematical difficulties than for the class-room, where its minute and lucid exposition should be supplied by the teacher himself. With the ordinary schoolboy the free use of leaded type for the main rules almost infallibly leads to a disregard of the small print. It is far better that pupils should learn to "scole" for themselves the essential passages.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Drames de Famille. By Paul Bourget. Paris: Plon. 1900.

Just as M. Paul Bourget's critical works appeal only to scholars and students, so do his novels escape the notice of the illiterate reader who loves sensational scenes and suggestive incidents. There is nothing cheap about the author of "Mensonges." He is not given to depicting the life of squalid spheres, not inclined to dwell on the follies of the demi-monde, not fascinated by the fever of the coulisses. Choicer themes attract him: the comedies and tragedies of that polite world whose land lies in the neighbourhood of the Champs Élysées. Often, his people are dull and their surroundings monotonous. Receptions, dinners, and dances occupy their entire time. Cynicism ensues. An intrigue, always conducted with the utmost decorum, takes place; after a while, repentance follows. Yet M. Bourget makes so profound a study of this monde and portrays its moods and manners so brilliantly and feelingly that he succeeds at once in arousing and holding one's interest and attention. He, more than any Parisian writer, understands and appreciates the woman of modern France; and it has ever been his aim to show how incapable she is of facing the dangers of the world after she has well done with her convent education. She has been nursed too much, guarded too closely. She has been hidden from men, as though they were monstrosities. Then, one day, she drives out of the convent gates to her mother's home, where she meets men for the first time, hears scandal, sees an intrigue, and is introduced to some viveur whom she is eventually persuaded to marry. From this moment onward M. Bourget follows his heroine closely. Carefully he watches her, analysing her emotions. Nothing escapes him. And so the result is a perfect picture of a woman of the world, a masterly tableau of her surroundings. Occasionally, however, M. Bourget turns his attention to the successful playwright or poet or journalist; and in "Drames de Famille," the finest of his four studies has to do with the ménage of Hector Le Prieux, a celebrated and honourable member of the Parisian Press. Married to the beautiful daughter of a ruined and departed banker when only a reporter, Hector, who worships his wife, works fiercely to restore his wife to her former luxurious position. And he takes pleasure in the task. And he sacrifices himself. And he succeeds. And he feels entirely happy as his position betters, as his name becomes famous, as Éva, his daughter, grows up. And he is tremendously proud of her and of his wife, "la belle Madame Le

(Continued on page 502.)

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Prieux." She, however, is ambitious and although a kind and loving mother, would have her daughter make a brilliant match. Eva consents, in spite of her love for a poor and obscure cousin; but the sacrifice is too much for her: and Eva pales and grows sad and is already ill when Hector at last discovers the cause. Then, he calls the cousin and gives Eva to him; and goes back to his desk. Of plot, it will be seen that there is very little; but then M. Bourget does not rely on that to get his effect. He has merely attempted to portray a ménage; and he has succeeded admirably, brilliantly; as he always does.

Mémoires du Général Baron de Dedem, 1774-1825. Paris: Plon. 1900. 7f. 50c.

More memoirs. Were the greatest ignoramus to peruse the amazing quantities of eighteenth and nineteenth century reminiscences that appear from day to day in Paris, he would soon become a sage. Born in Holland, the son of the Dutch Ambassador at Constantinople, Baron de Dedem had every opportunity of studying diplomacy. After taking part in many a brilliant engagement, he took careful note of life under the First Empire; and these memoirs, published now for the first time by the Librairie Plon, are the happy result. Many an intimate glimpse of Napoleon; many an original account of Court life and of its scandals; many a striking description of famous personages appear here and there, while the reproduction of some hitherto unpublished documents lends additional value to this interesting volume.

Femme et Artiste. By Max O'Rell. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1900. 3f. 50c.

The life of a popular painter and his wife in S. John's Wood is the theme of M. O'Rell's new book. Grantham is already famous at the opening of the first chapter, wealthy also, and deeply attached to his beautiful wife. He would grow richer still, however; and by the invention of an alarming shell (which he has offered to the French Government), expects to add to his wealth. The shell is accepted and paid for; Grantham and his wife take a house in Belgravia, where they give amazing fêtes. Grantham abandons his art; and his wife, after a series of unfortunate misunderstandings, returns alone to S. John's Wood. After a while, a reconciliation is brought about; and husband and wife forsake fashion for art. Told in a bright and genial style, M. O'Rell's story is at once interesting. He has caught the atmosphere of studio life in London; his character sketches of Lorrimer the playwright and Hobbs the faithful servant are excellent; but his wholesale condemnation of "le high life" shows an inexperience and misunderstanding of English society that will irritate the English reader.

La Beauté de Vivre. By Fernand Gregh. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1900. 3f. 50c.

"Après avoir, presque enfant encore, rêvé la vie, il (the author) a vécu. Il a travaillé, voyagé, pensé, aimé, souffert; il a connu de grandes joies et des tristesses profondes, la fierté de l'œuvre accomplie, l'émotion des beaux paysages, l'inquiétude civique, la passion, la maladie. Il n'a pas éprouvé toujours la joie de vivre, il en a toujours senti la beauté. Il lui a paru que la vie qui n'était pas toujours une bonne chose en tous cas était une belle—et peut-être, par cela même, qu'on pouvait espérer qu'elle était bonne en définitive. . . . C'est ce que veut exprimer ce livre, ce que son titre peut résumer. . . ." We can find no better means of conveying the gist of this charming volume of poems than by quoting the above introduction. M. Gregh's first poems were crowned by the Académie Française; and we fancy that these are even stronger. We regret that we have not sufficient space to quote some of his finest efforts at length and that we must content ourselves by mentioning their names only: they are, "Loin, là-bas;" "Rentrée dans le Passé;" "Le Retour;" "Méditation;" "Le Soir Tombe;" and "Frisson de Novembre."

La Camorra: Roman d'Aventures Napolitaines. By Hugues Rebel. Paris: Edition de la Revue Blanche. 1900. 3f. 50c.

This is a book of adventure, as its title suggests. But it is the worst of its kind, and wholly unfit for publication. By this, we do not mean to say that it is immoral. Helen Scamler, the daughter of an English officer, does, it is true, abandon herself to the affections of many a brigand; but her escapades are so wild and so inanely told that most readers will only be too glad to pass them over. Many impossible characters jostle one another; many equally impossible incidents take place; and then the author's style is simply execrable.

La Nation et l'Armée. By "A Colonel." Paris: Colin. 1900. 2f.

We cannot agree with "A Colonel" that the French army stands in need of a champion and defender. No one has attacked or insulted it as yet; it still has the respect of the nation; it is still its most popular and powerful institution. During the Dreyfus affair, it was not the army itself that men like Zola, Clémenceau, and Cornély attacked, but the Etat-Major; and all thoughtful Frenchmen must have recognised by now that

those three powerful writers were doing good and serviceable work. We have no wish to indulge in political reflections here, but since "A Colonel" has deemed it necessary to publish a wholly unnecessary and useless book, we venture to inform him that the sooner the army is rid of such unscrupulous men as Generals Mercier, Billot, de Boisdeffre and others the better it will be for the "honour of the army" and for France. The book, moreover, appears late in the day, and consists merely of a collection of "open letters" that "A Colonel" wrote some months back to the "Temps."

Paris de 1800 à 1900. No. 5. Edited by M. Charles Simond. Paris: Plon. 1900. 1f. 75c.

The fifth number of this amazing publication is as interesting and entertaining as ever. We have already enumerated its many features and disclosed its plan and purpose; and so it only remains for us to say that every political and social and artistic event of any importance that took place between 1820 and 1824 is described and criticised in the current issue of M. Simond's magazine, and that the whole is copiously and admirably illustrated.

Marie-Madeline. By Louis Létang. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1900. 3f. 50c.

This is the sequel to that extremely wild book, "Le Lys d'Or." We asked the author for his own health's sake to abandon his idea of attempting to clear up the mysteries he had allowed to accumulate in the first volume, pointing out the impossibility of the task and declaring with all deference that he would only make the matter worse. He has persisted, however, and with the result that "Marie-Madeline" is, if possible, even more wild and more confusing than the "Lys d'Or." How M. Létang has contrived to follow Claire de Bude through 370 more pages without breaking down is a perfect mystery. We ourselves felt the old dizziness come upon us even before the third chapter—the dizziness that came with the "Lys d'Or" and prostrated us.

Revue des Deux Mondes. 15 Avril. 1900.

This number is heavy reading, though several of its articles may rightly be classed as instructive. The criticism by M. Lafenestre of the Dutch pictures at the Louvre is suggestive and discriminating. M. Charnes supplies the usual jeremiad over the failure of Europe to check the infamous raid of England upon the Transvaal, and he now claims Portugal as a second victim, but he is fair enough to blame the Kaiser more than the present French Government, much as he hates the latter. Foreign critics do not yet seem to understand how contemptible they make their own country appear by thus celebrating their impotence once a fortnight.

Revue Bleue. 14 April. 60c.

An admirable article on the French novel of the nineteenth century is M. Marcel Prévost's contribution to this popular weekly review. Herein, he discusses and criticises the works of every past or present prominent writer; and with an impartiality that is at once pleasing, sums up in a masterly and convincing style. An interesting paper on General Joubert and an account of a journey in Russia are also well worth reading.

For This Week's Books see page 504.

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BALANCE-SHEET, December 31, 1899.

Dr	CAPITAL AND LIABILITIES.		Cr.
Nominal Capital, fully subscribed	£1,015,000		
To Capital Issued—			
800,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each, fully paid	£800,000	0 0	
200,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each, 5s. paid	50,000	0 0	
15,000 Founders' Shares of £1 each..	15,000	0 0	
	£865,000	0 0	
Reserve Account (including Premium of £90,000 on Shares issued)	110,000	0 0	
Unclaimed Dividends (Dividend No. 1)	212	17 7	
Sundry Creditors	498,649	3 0	
Profit and Loss Account—			
Carried forward from December 31, 1898, as per last Report	£7,252	4 7	
Profit for the year ended December 31, 1899 (subject on distribution to the percentages payable to the Managing Directors and certain of the Managers, pursuant to their agreements, and to the Bonus to the remainder of the Staff)	142,429	9 3	
		149,681	13 10
Contingent Liability—			
Uncalled Capital			
Investments	£16,692	14 6	
	£1,623,543	14 5	

By Shares and Debentures in other Companies, taken at or under cost	£719,365	9 8
Claim-holdings, Sundry Participations, and Interests, at or under cost	224,395	15 1
Real Estate and House Property in Johannesburg	30,000	0 0
Office Furniture and Fittings	2,265	0 0
Sundry Debtors	176,112	4 1
Temporary Advances against Securities (including Shares and Stocks taken in)	144,520	6 3
Cash at Banks and in Hand—		
On Deposit Accounts	£260,928	14 7
On Current Account and in Hand	65,956	4 9
	326,884	19 4

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT, for the year to December 31, 1899.

Cr.

Dr.			
To Salaries of Managing Directors, of the Staffs of the London, Johannesburg, Cape Town, Berlin, and Paris Offices, and of the Mining, Metallurgical, and Mechanical Engineering Departments (less Fees received)	£26,806	7	4
Rent of Offices in London, Johannesburg, Cape Town, Berlin, and Paris, Insurance, Rates and Taxes	5,374	15	11
Cable, Telegraph, and Telephone Expenses	4,641	9	3
Travelling Expenses	2,386	10	0
Legal Charges	444	4	2
Commission	447	14	2
Stationery, Printing, and Advertising	4,116	13	6
Cost of Bearer Warrants	166	7	4
Directors' Fees	2,500	0	0
Auditors' Fees (London and Johannesburg)	695	1	8
Sundry Expenses	3,596	0	1
Charitable and other Contributions	10,585	11	8
Written off: Exploration and Claims Account	£17,630	15	11
Sundry Participations	5,003	8	7
Real Estate and House Property, Johannesburg	2,548	3	3
Furniture	566	5	8
		25,748	13 5
To Balance, as per Balance-sheet		142,429	9 3
	£229,939	17	9

By Realised Profits on Sale of Shareholdings and Sundry Receipts (less amounts written off)	£193,979	0	0
Dividends and Interest received	35,008	5	3
Transfer and Bearer Warrant Fees	952	12	6

£229,939 17 9

We have examined the above Accounts with the Books in London (which include the transactions in South Africa), and with Returns from the Branches at Berlin and Paris, and have to report that, in our opinion, the Balance-sheet presents a true view of the state of the Company's affairs, as shown by such Books and Accounts. The whole of the Assets are taken into the Balance-sheet at figures at or below cost.

We have received proof of the Assets included under the headings of Shares and Debentures, Temporary Advances, and Cash, those in South Africa having been certified by Mr. F. W. Diamond. The title of the Company to the Investments in Real Estate and Claimholdings has been examined and certified by Mr. Nixon, Notary, of Johannesburg.

3, Frederick's Place, London, E.C., April 11, 1900.

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APPROPRIATION.

To Profits appropriated for Dividend purposes and payment of percentage of profits accruing to Managing Directors, Managers, and Staff	£101,971 14 9	By Balance brought forward from December 31, 1898	£7,252 4 7
To be divided as follows:—		Balance brought from Profit and Loss Account	£142,429 9 3
10 per cent. on the amount called up on 1,000,000 Ordinary Shares	£85,000 0 0	Less Amount carried to Reserve Account	40,000 0 0
Sum accruing in respect of Founders' Shares	114 8 8		102,429 9 3
Percentage of Surplus Profits accruing to Managing Directors and certain of the Managers (after payment of a dividend of 6 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary Shares) and Bonus to Staff	16,857 6 1		
	£101,971 14 9		
To Balance carried forward	7,709 19 1		
	£109,681 13 10		£109,681 13 10

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